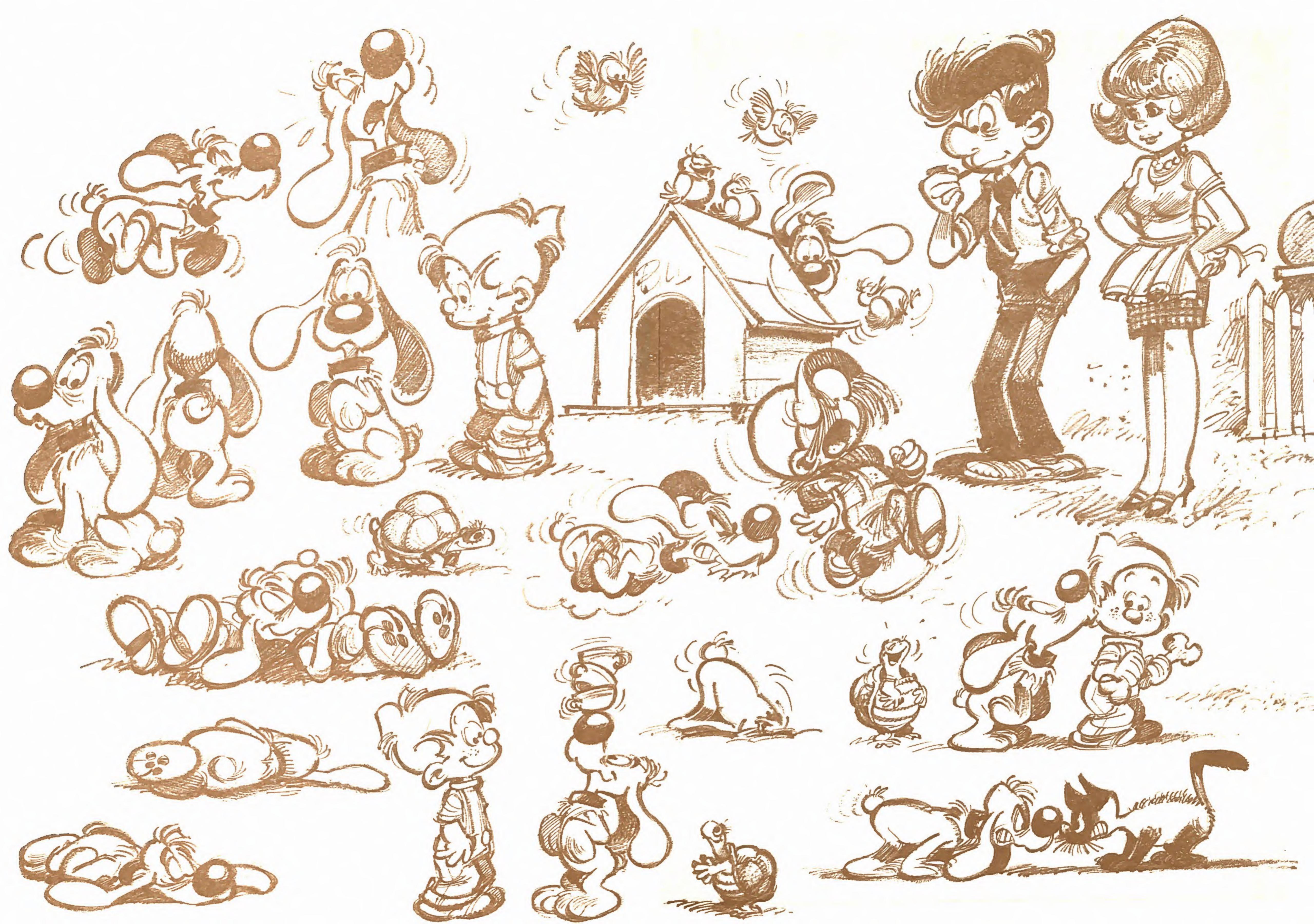
nº 2

gags de

Boule & Bill

par Folia

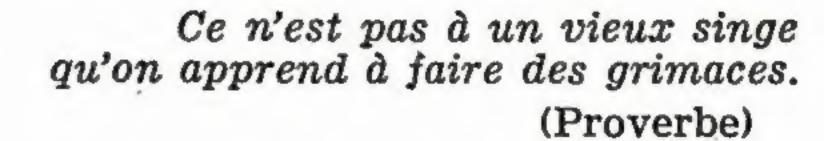




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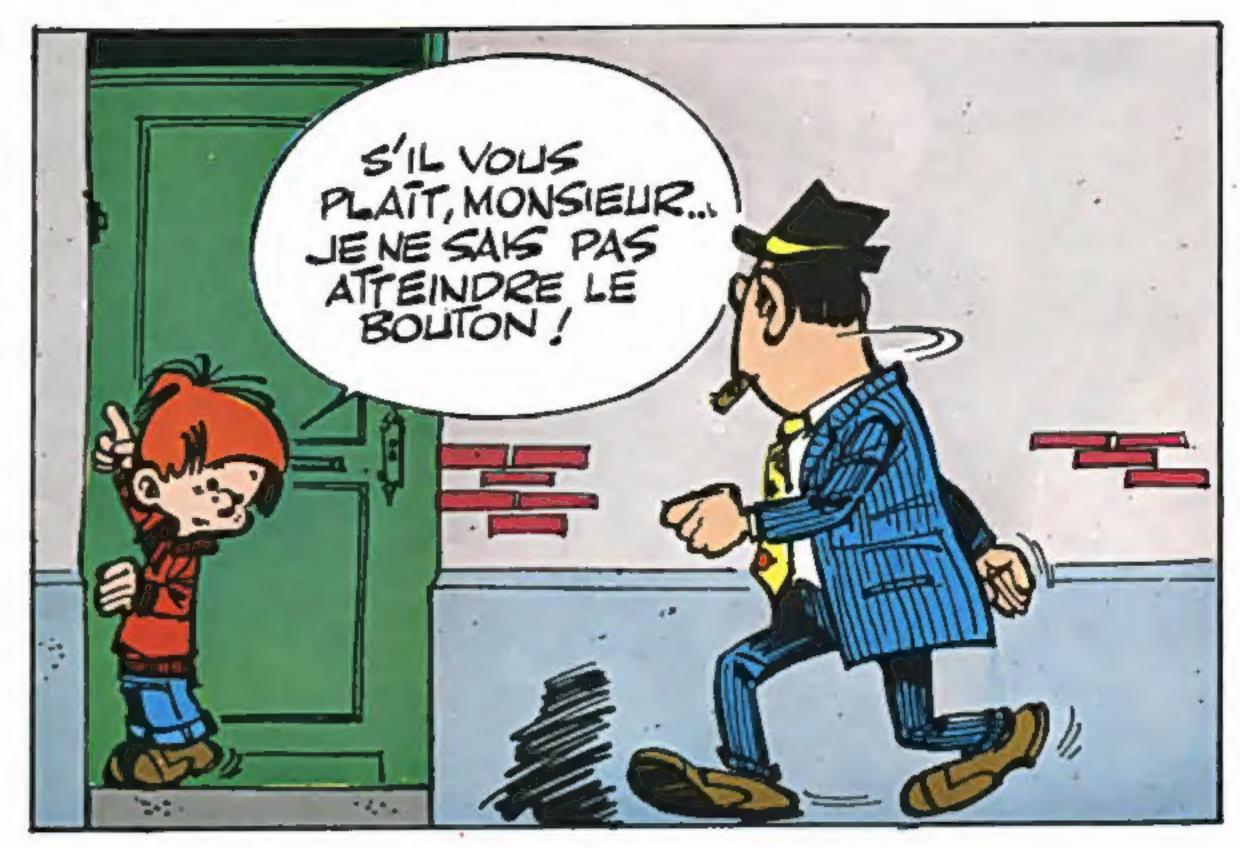
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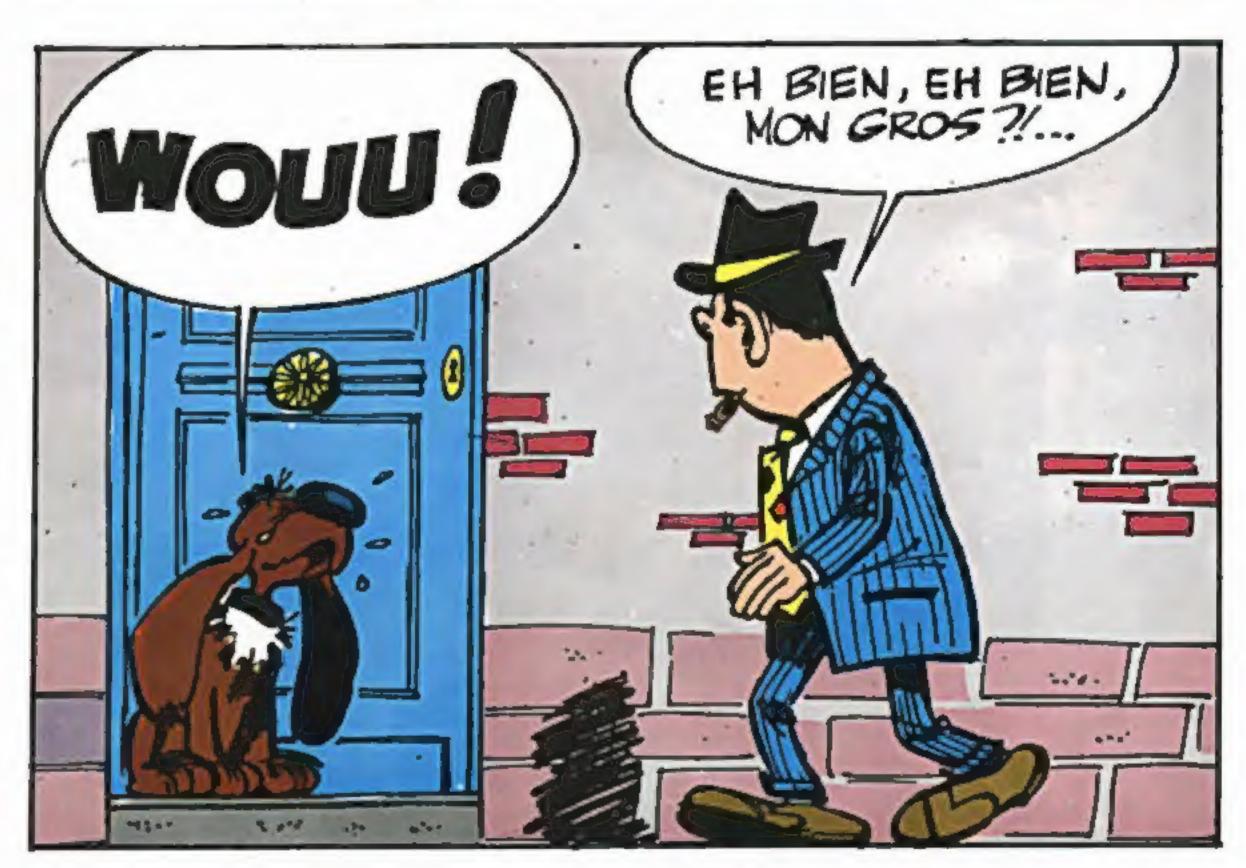




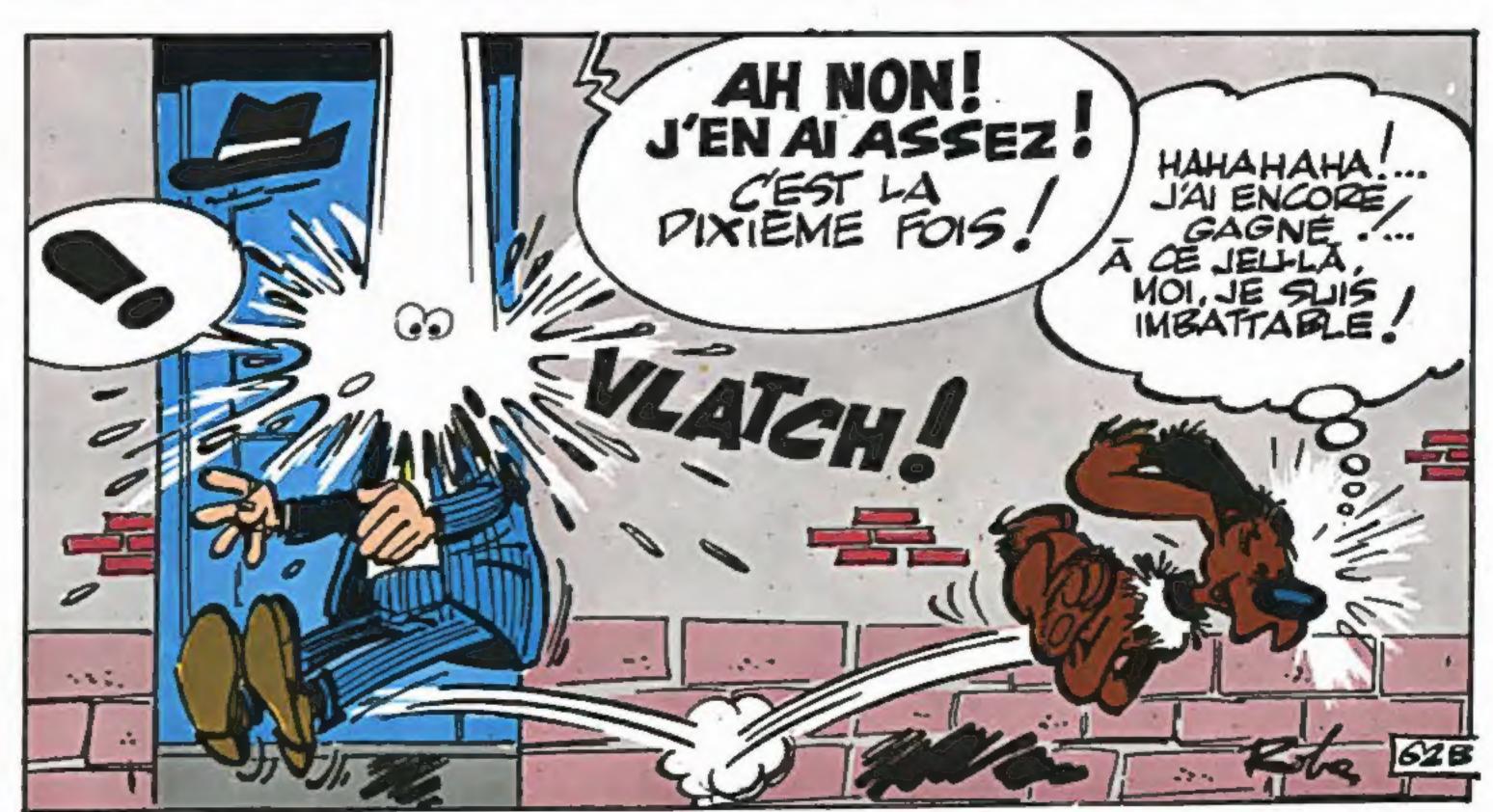


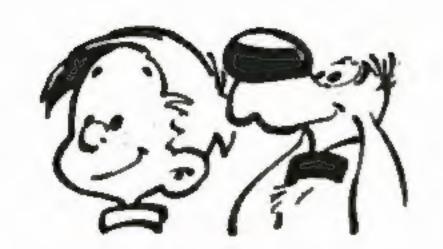


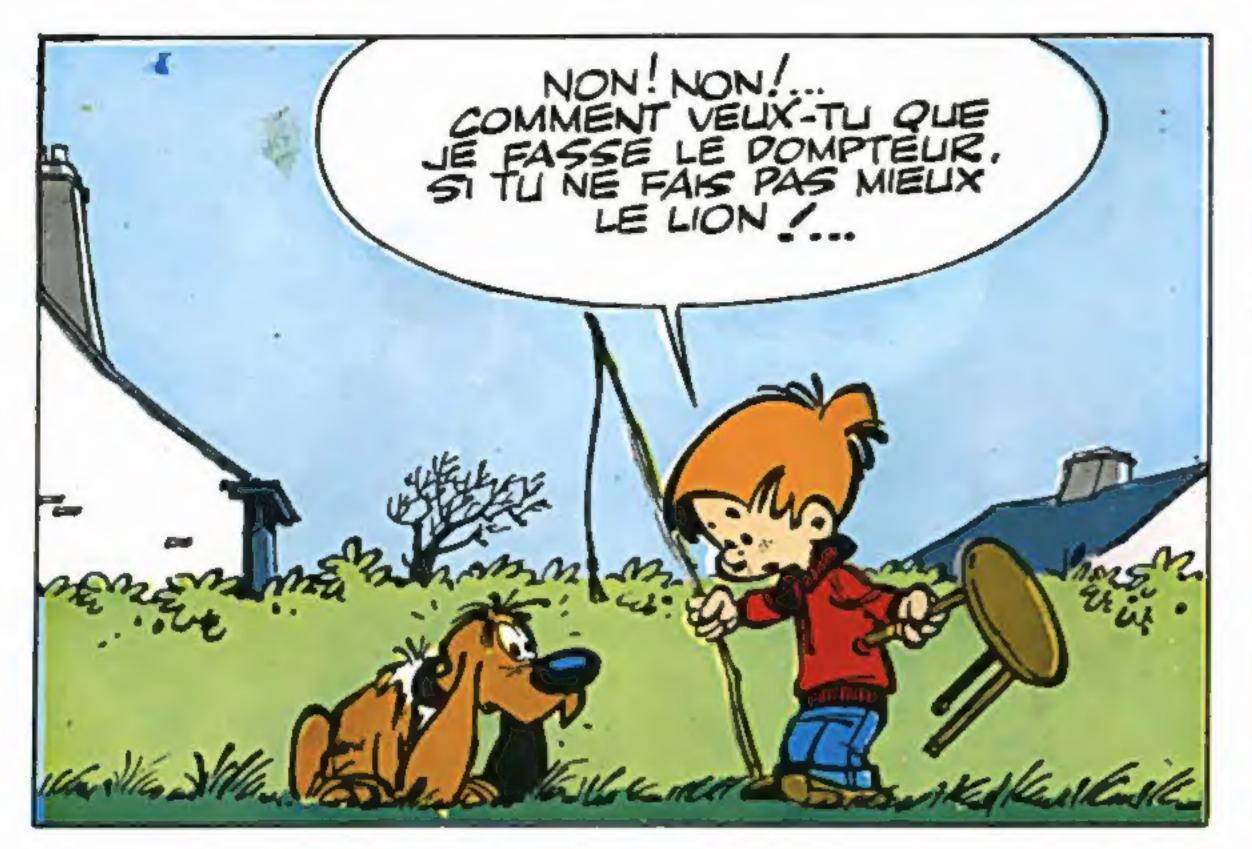
























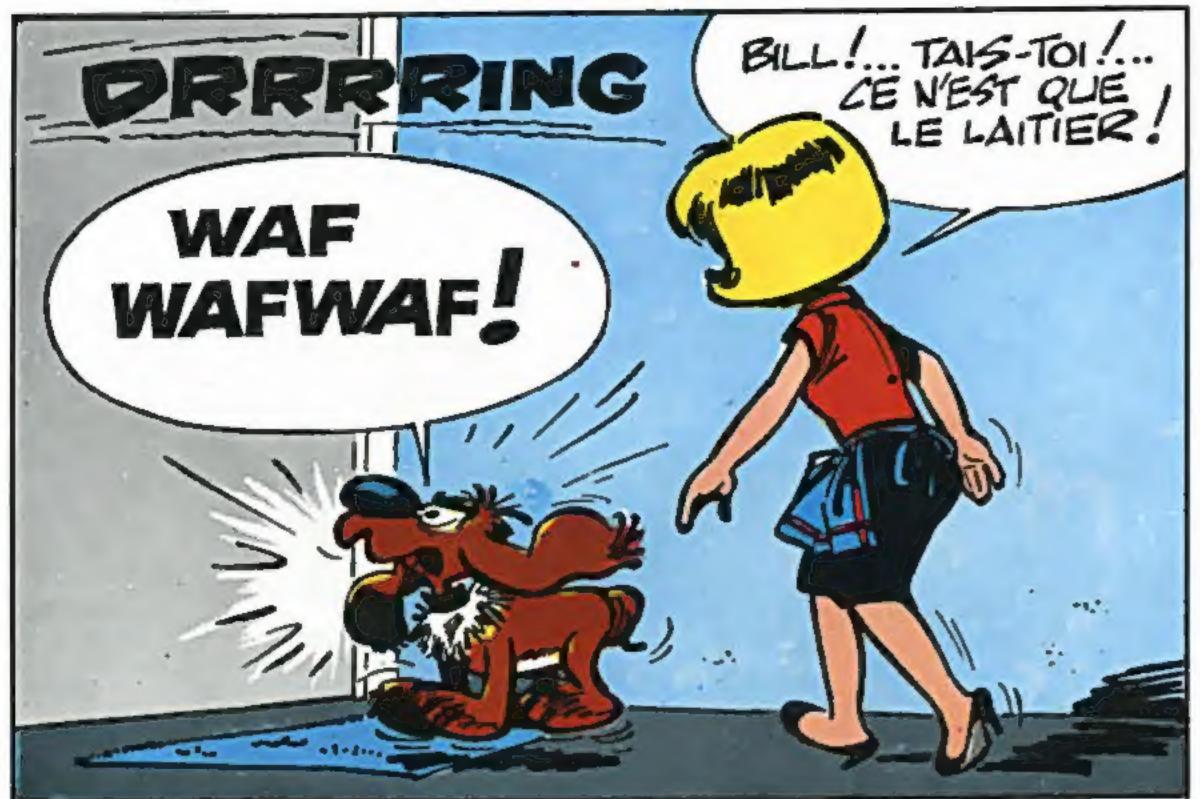


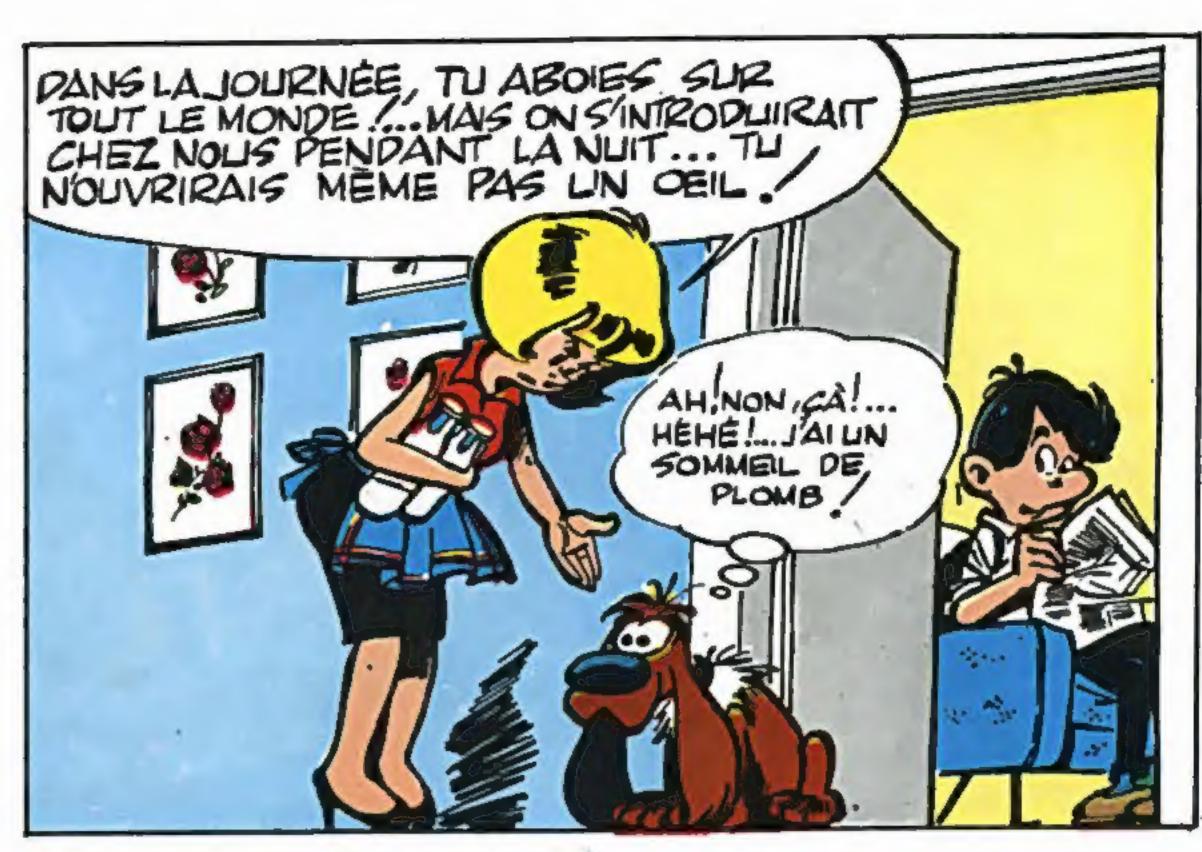




O Nuit, selon sa vie, à tout homme qui veille, Inspire ton horreur ou ta sérénité... (Sully-Prudhomme)





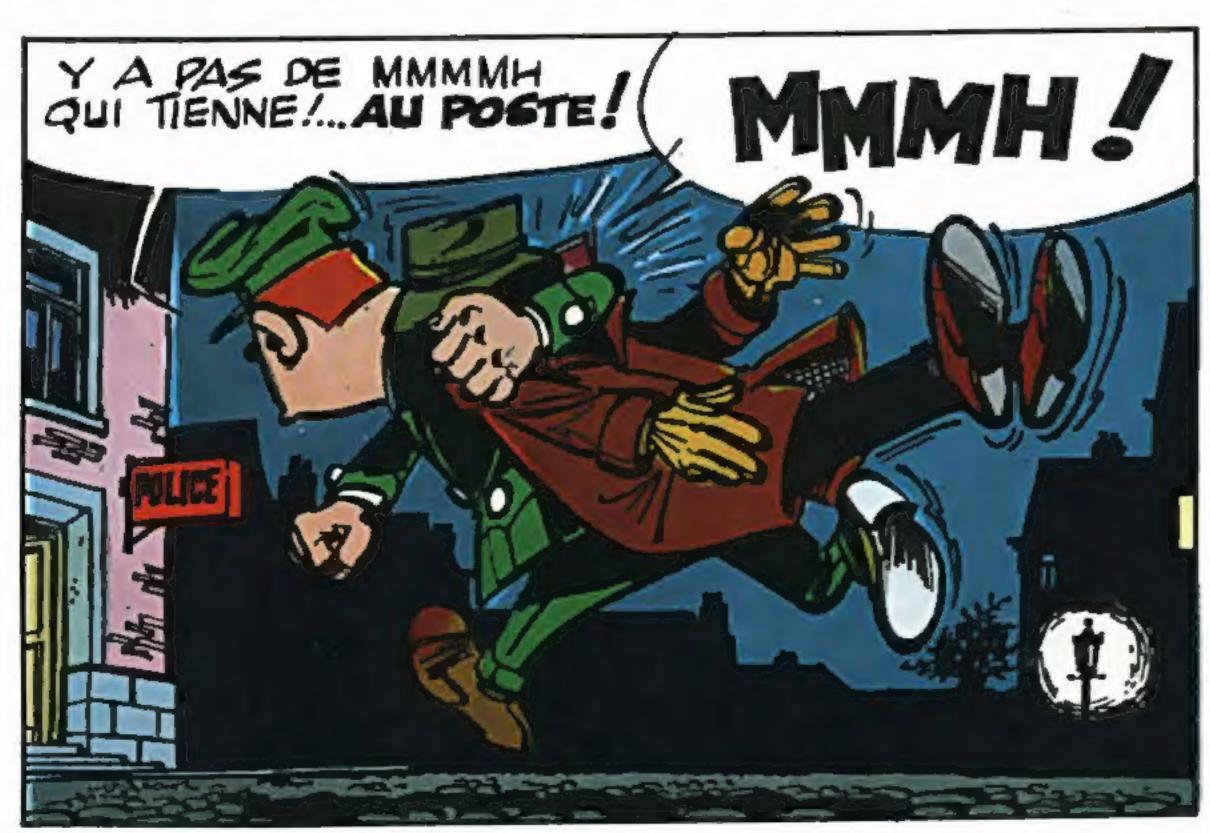




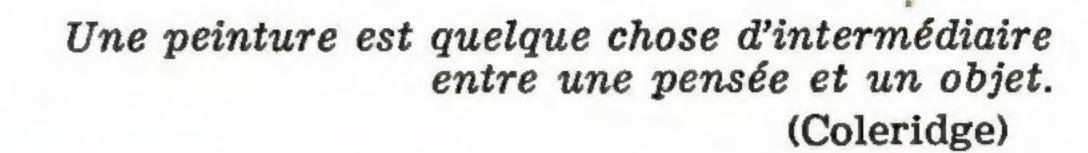




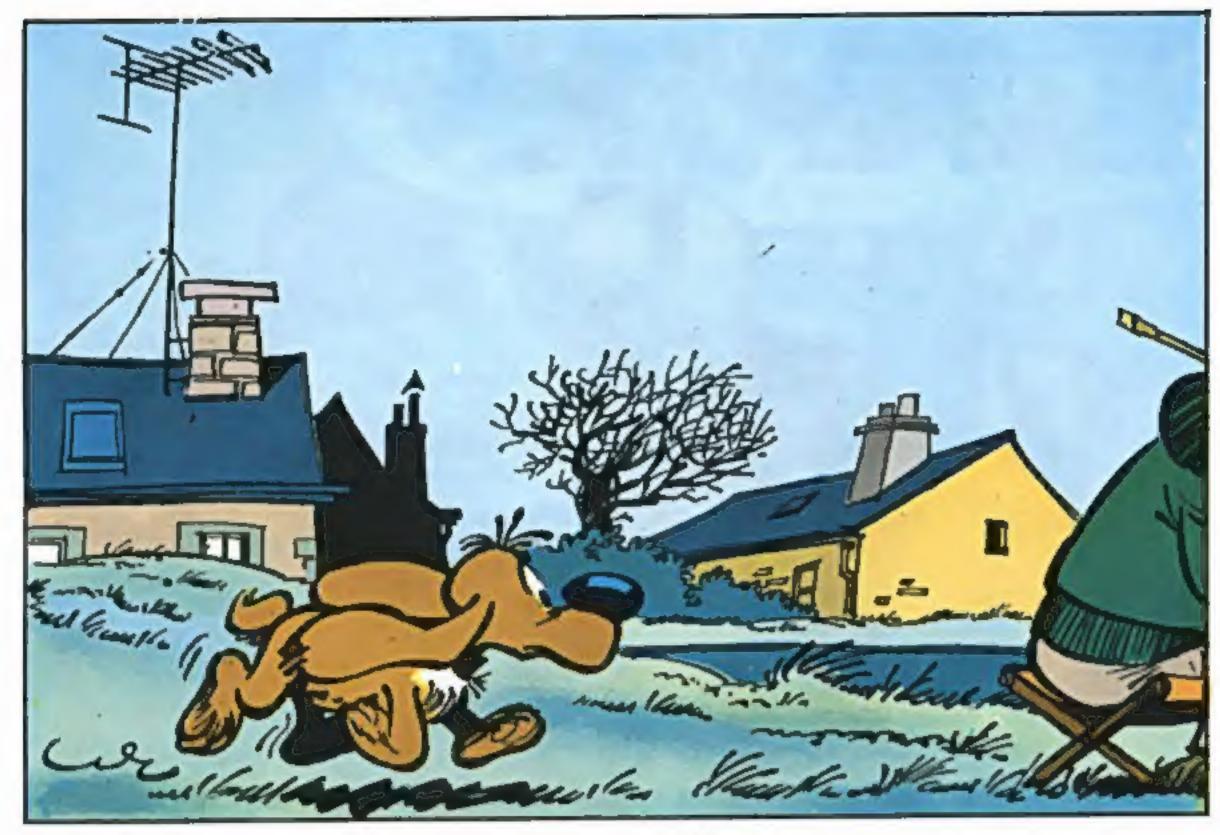
















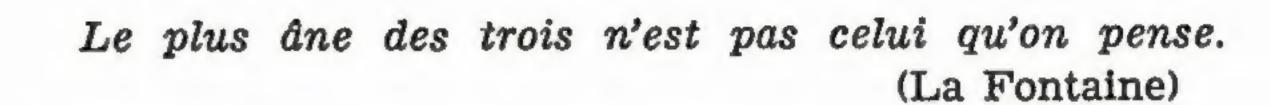




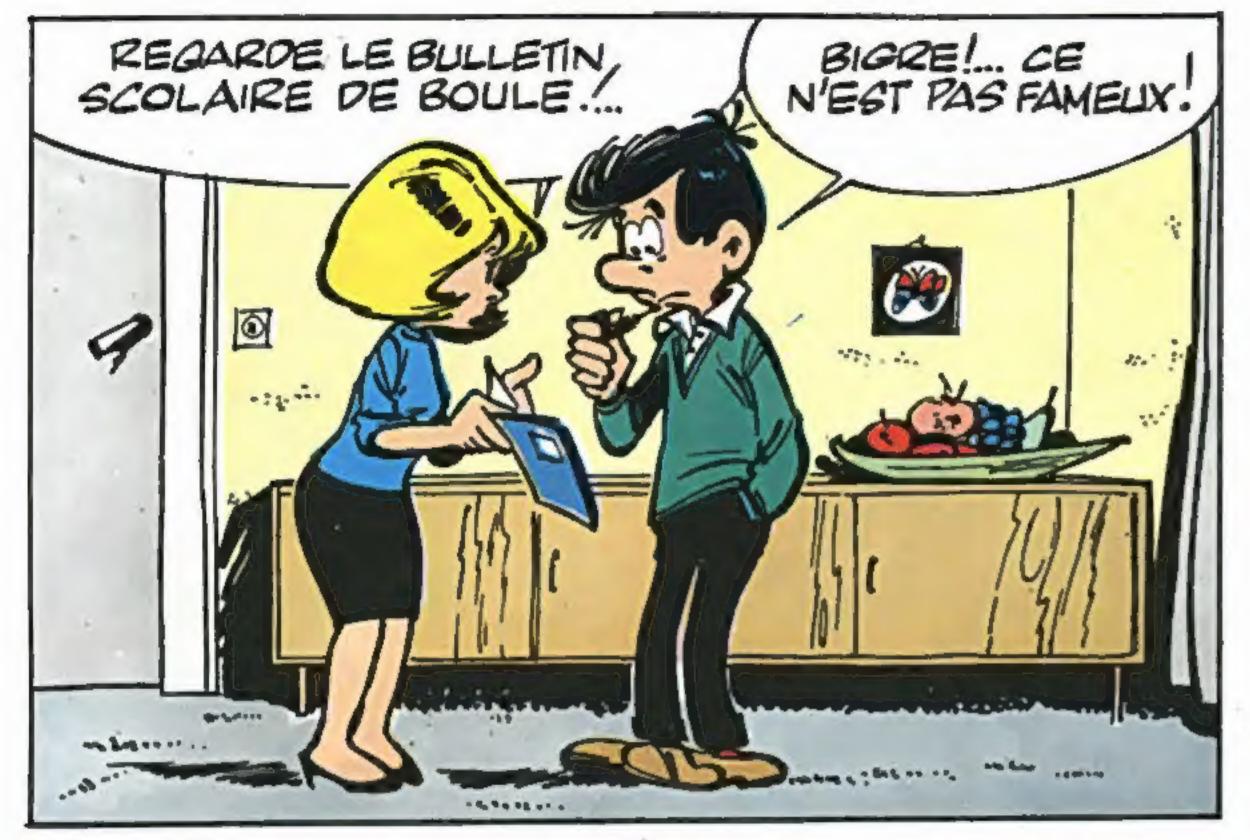
























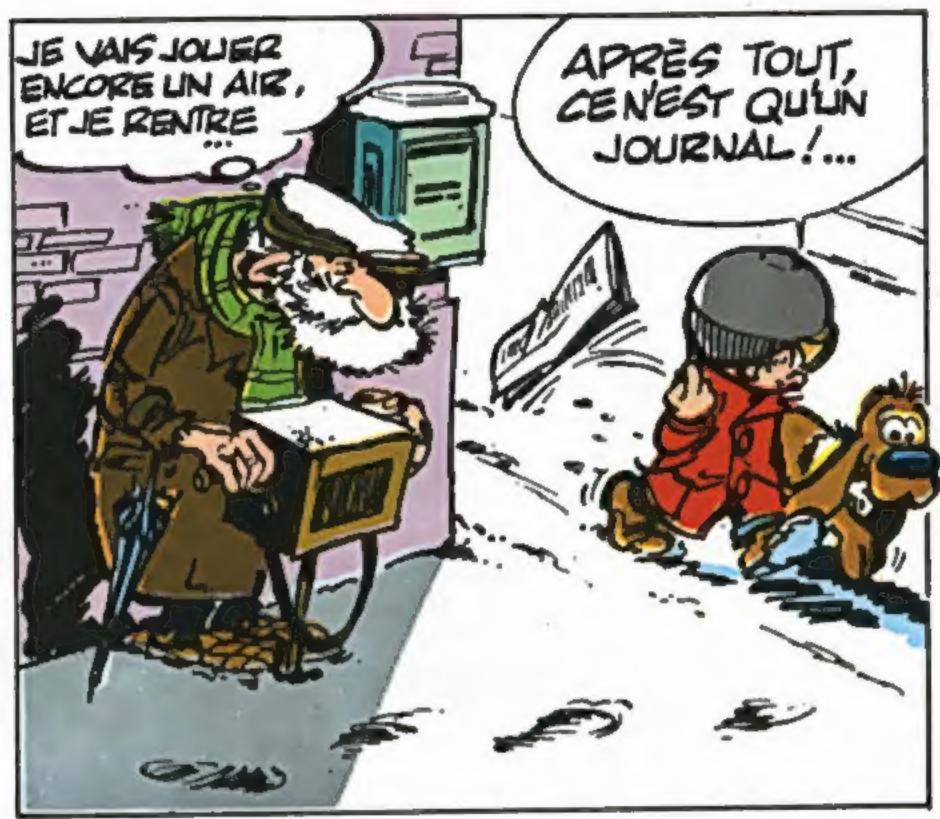










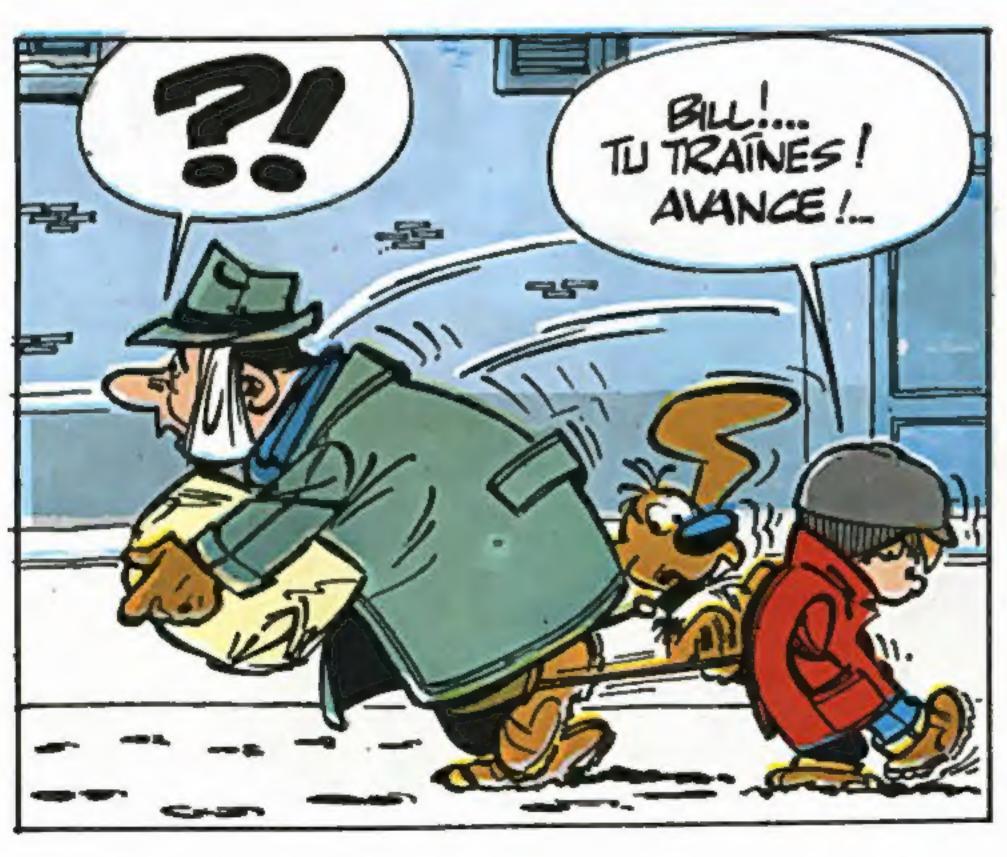






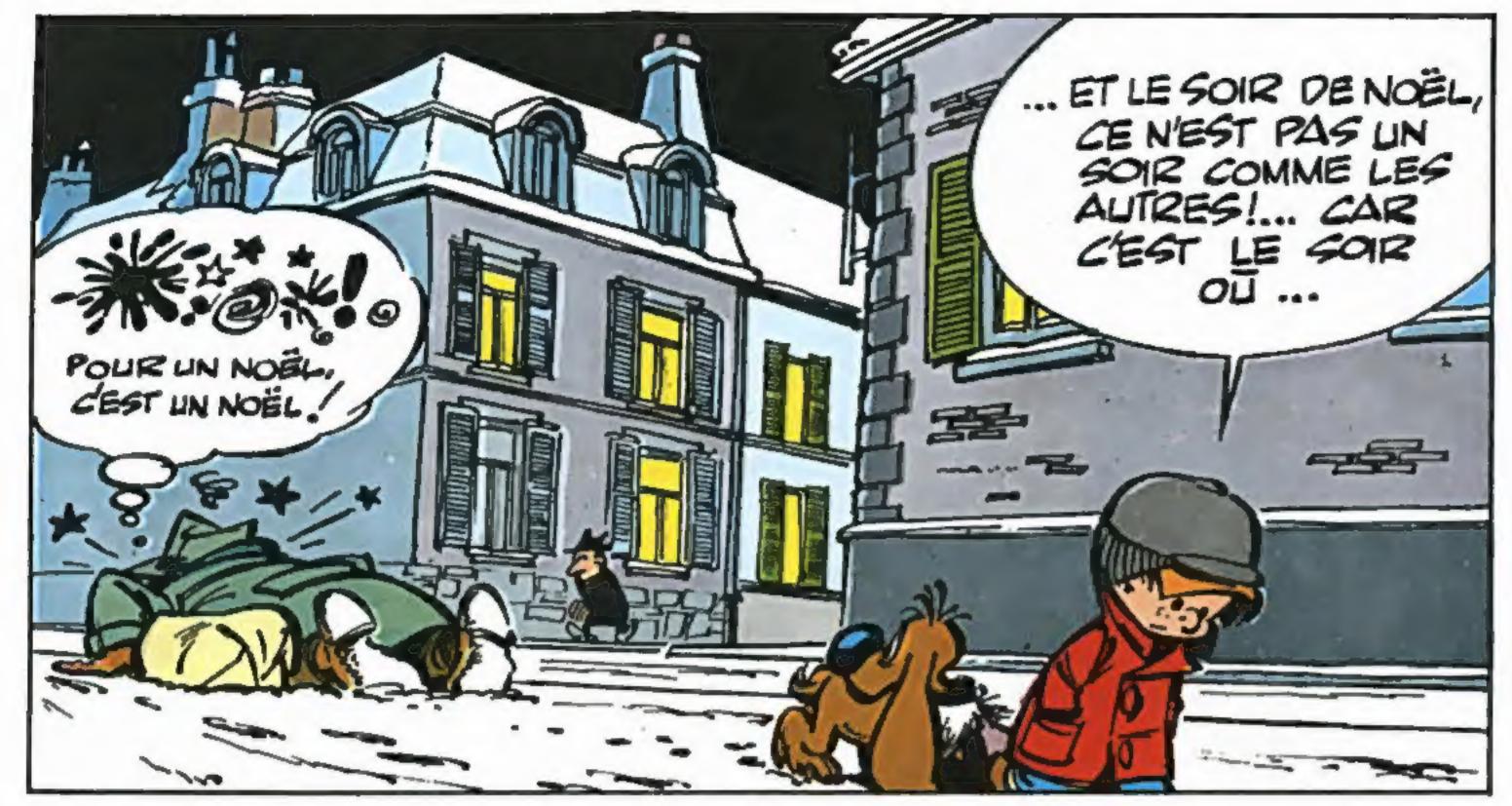










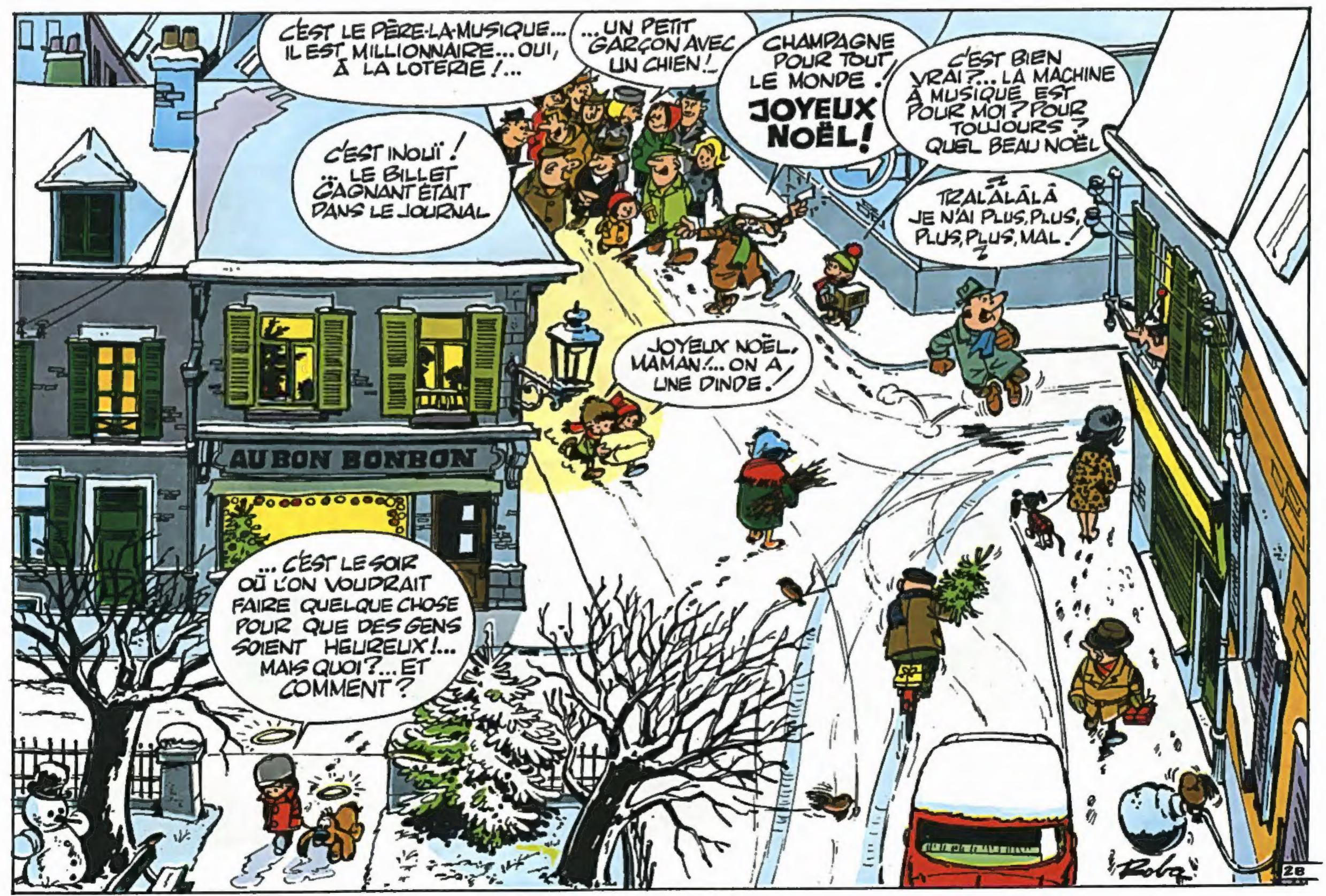


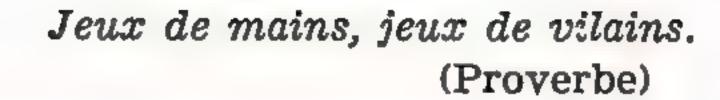




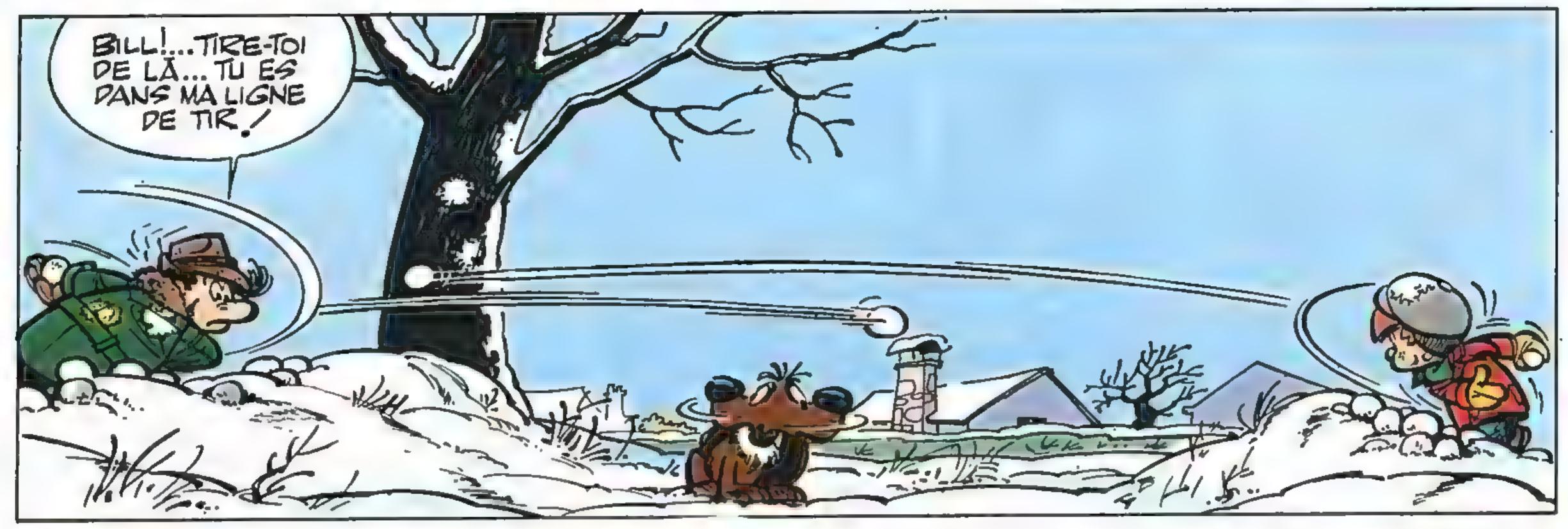




















































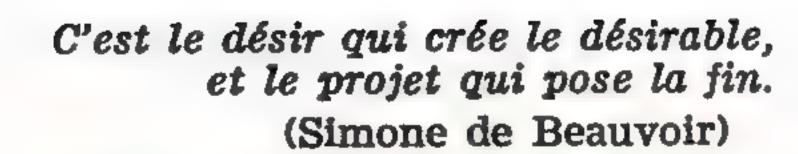




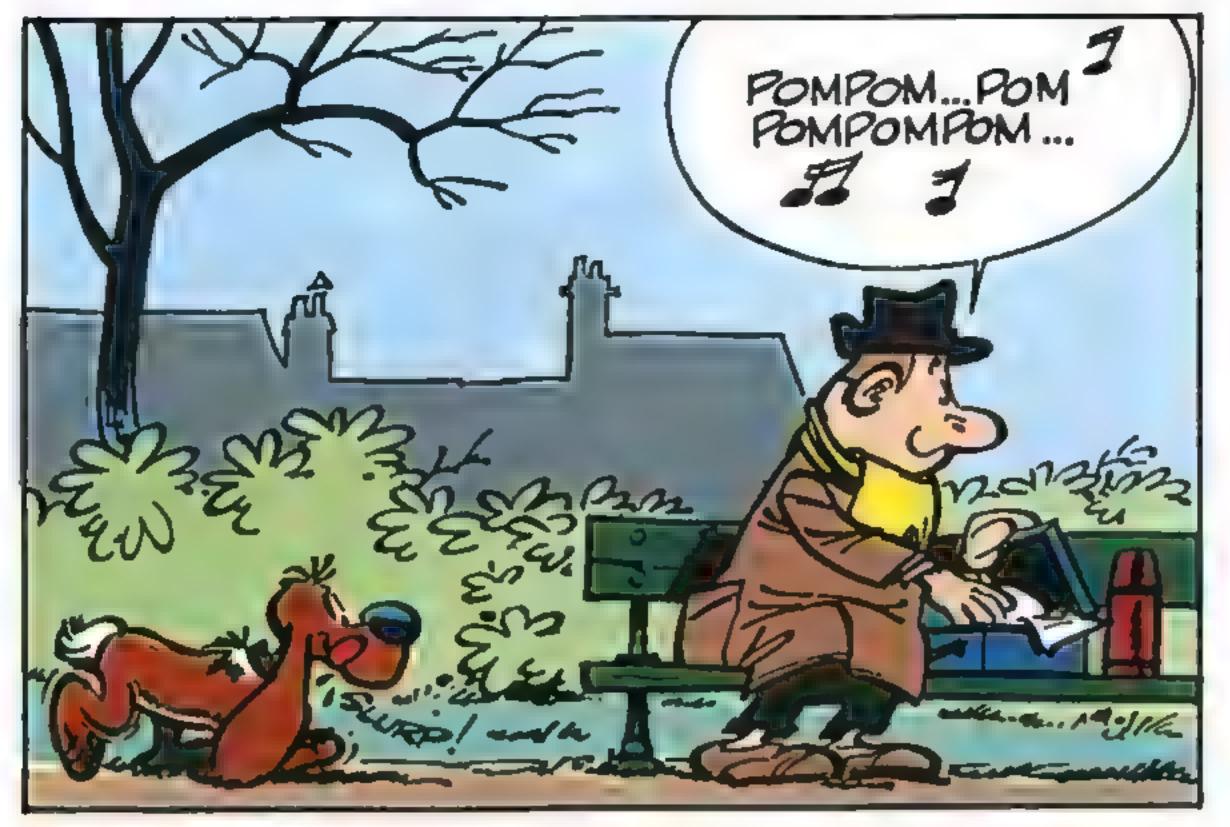




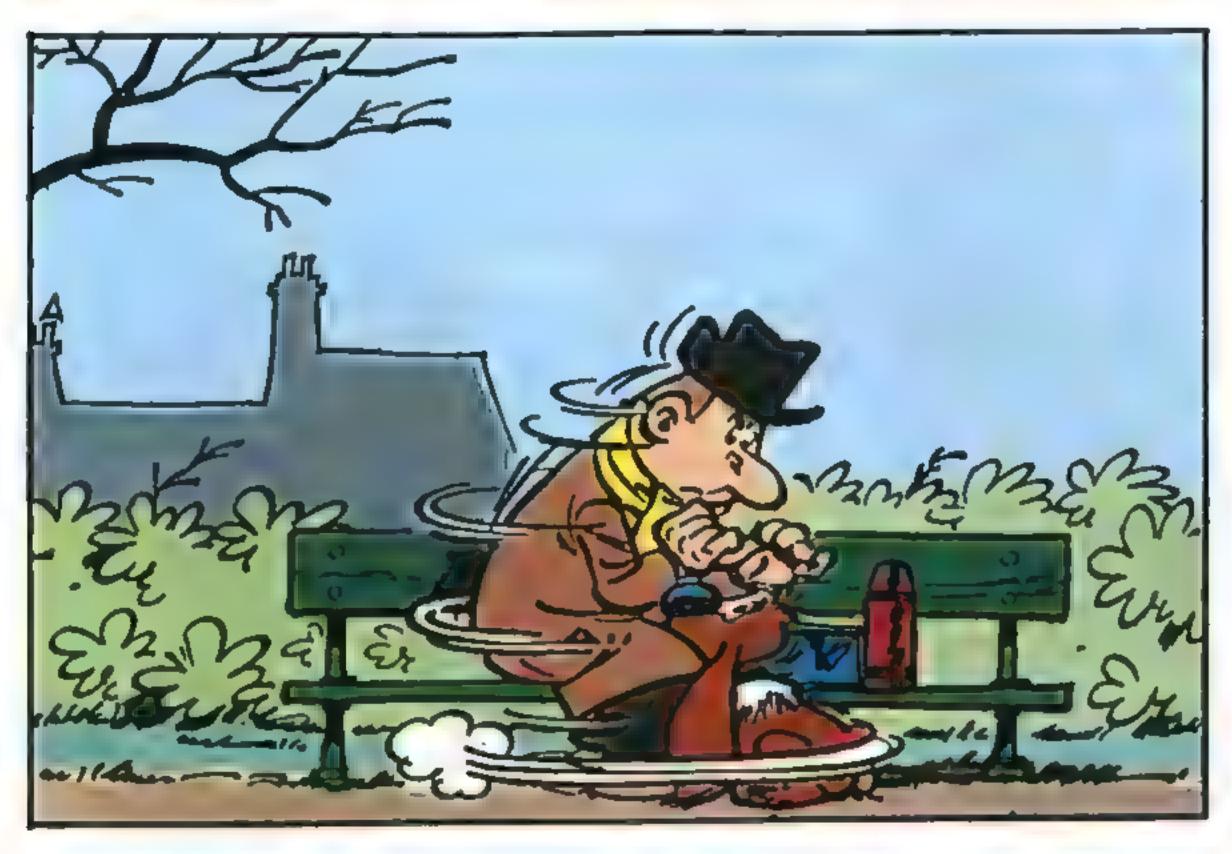


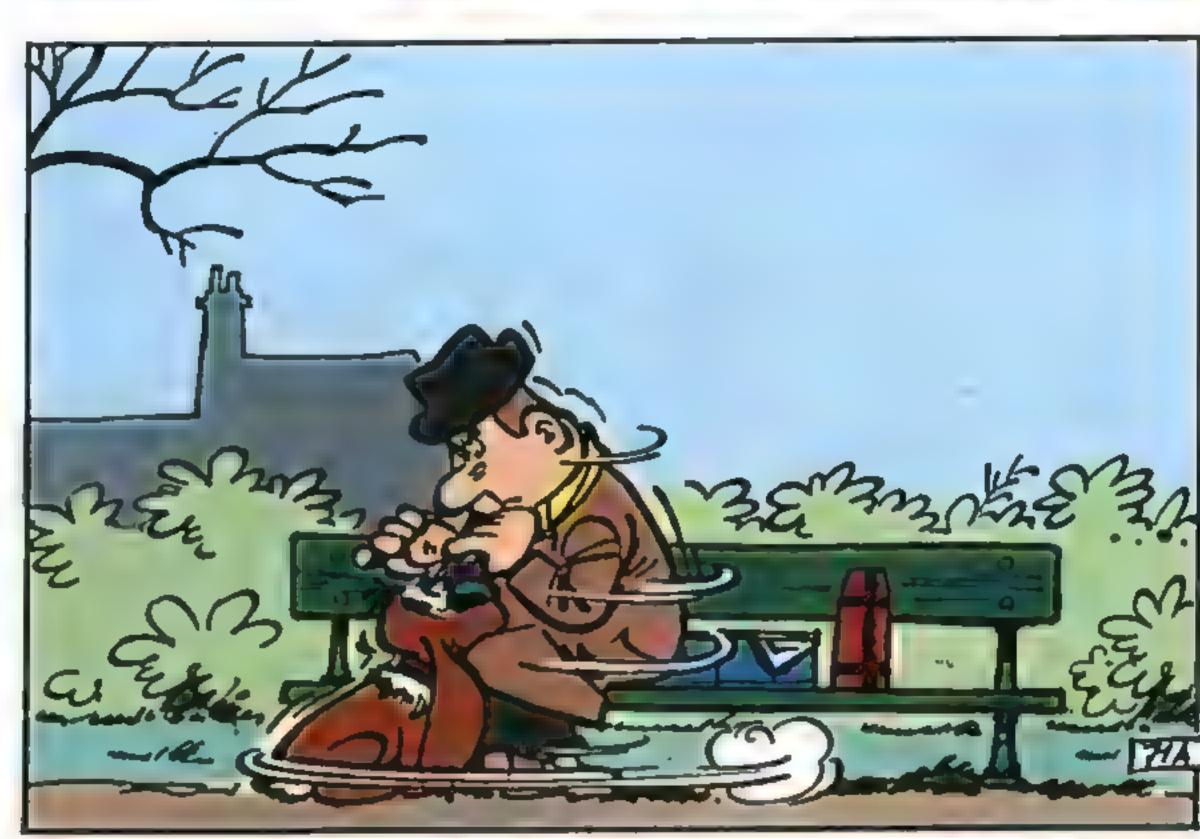


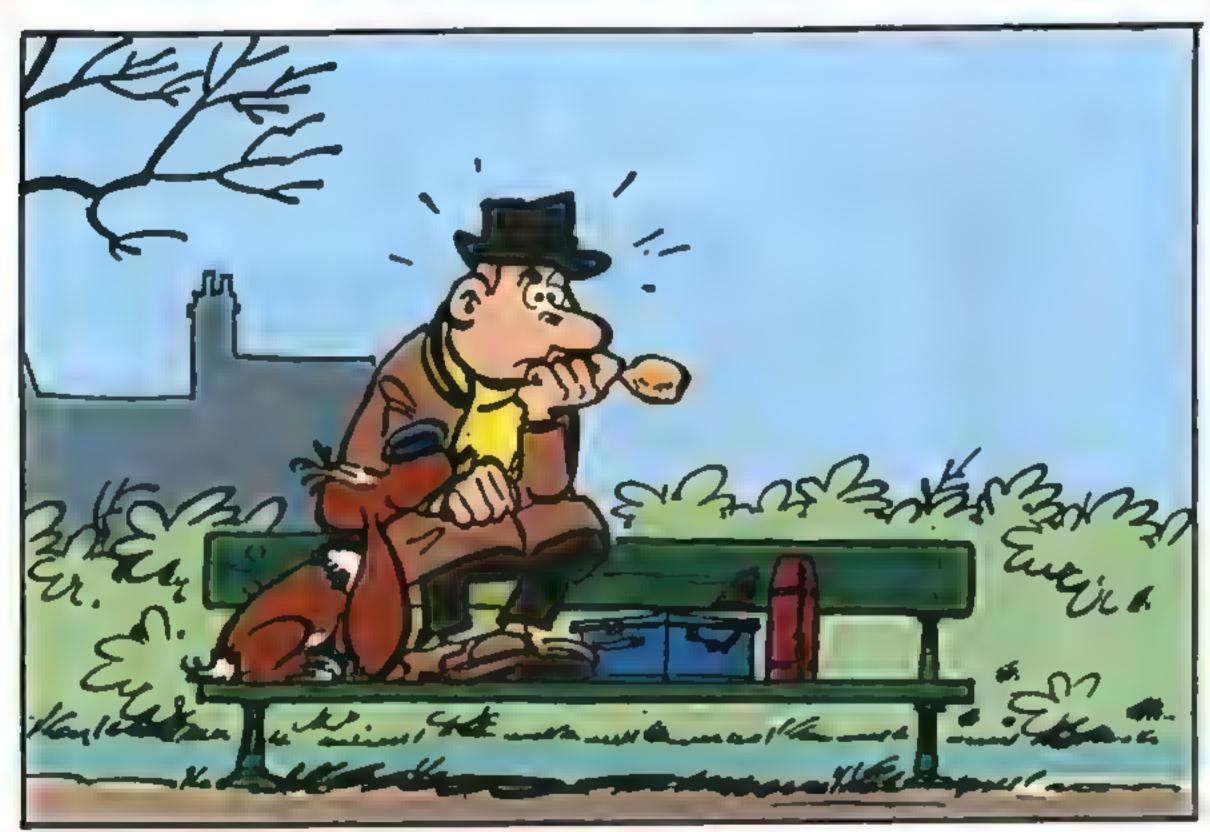






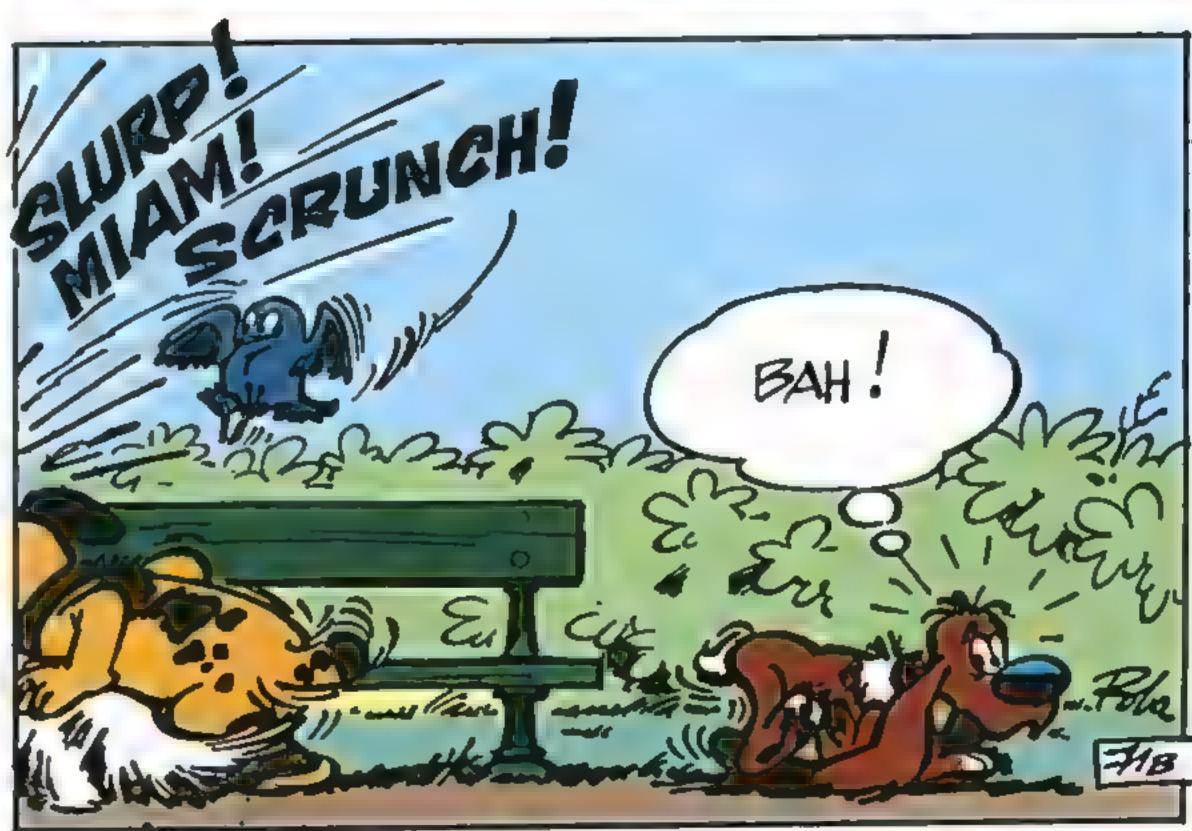


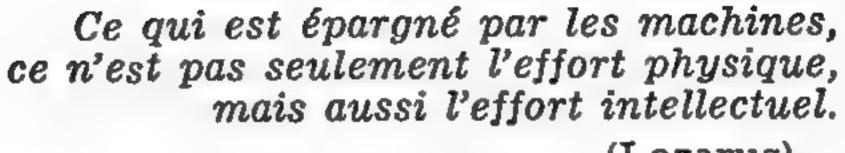






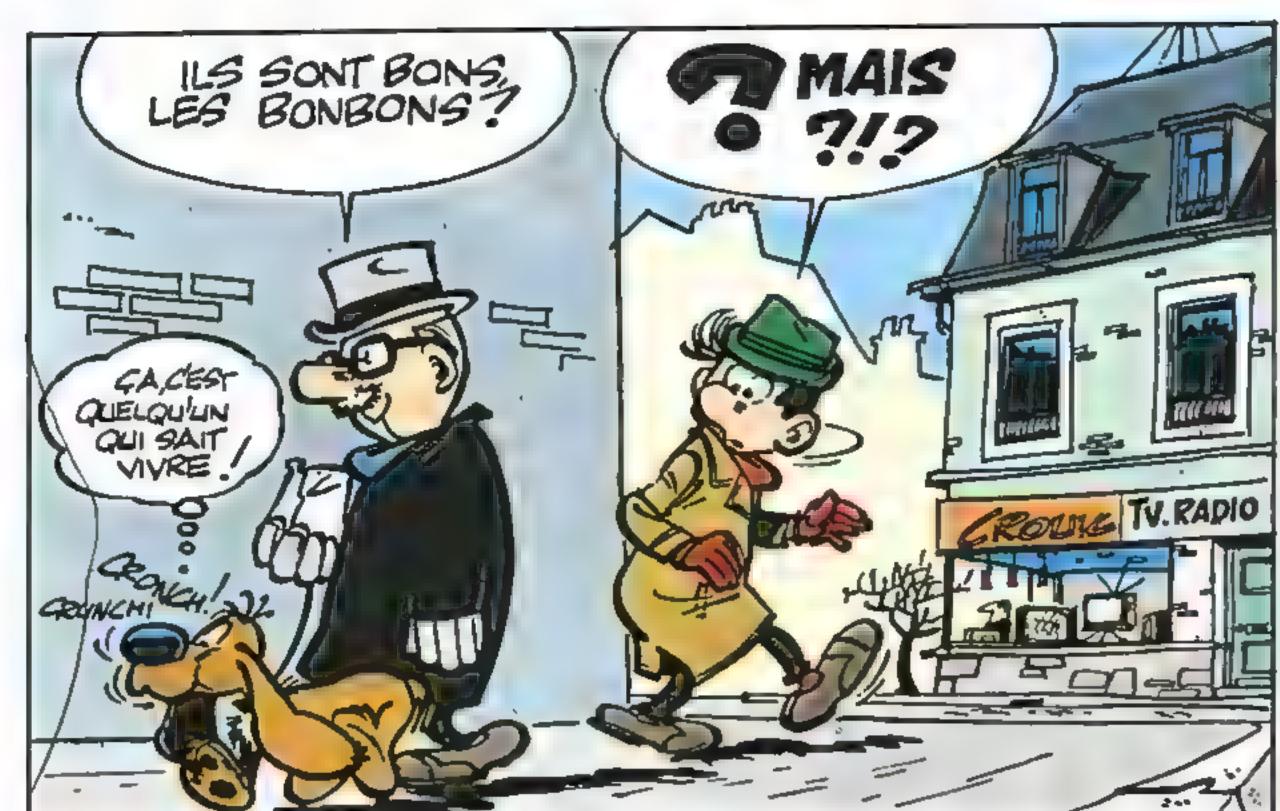




















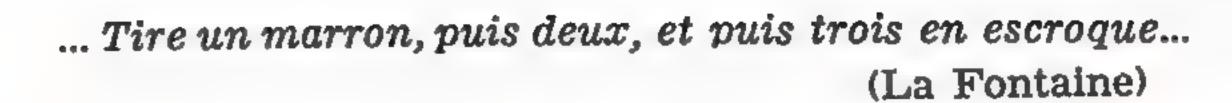




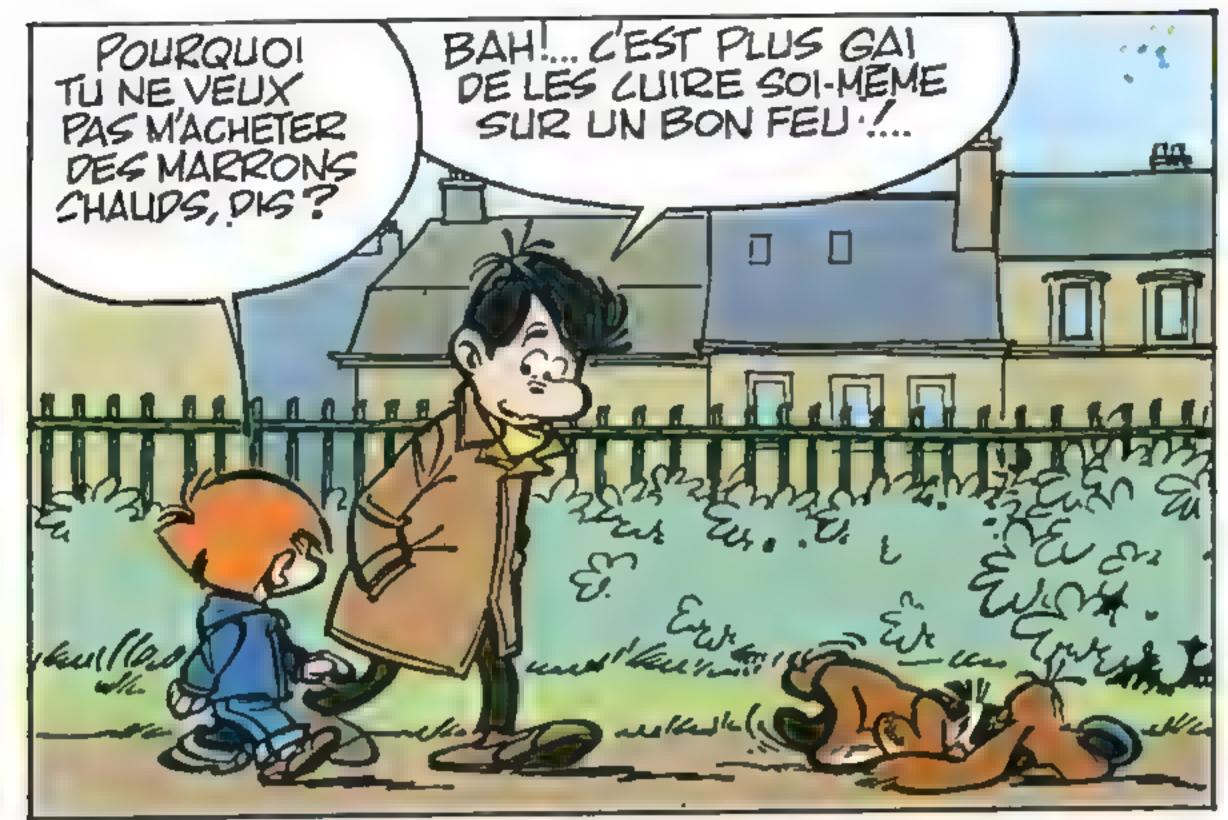












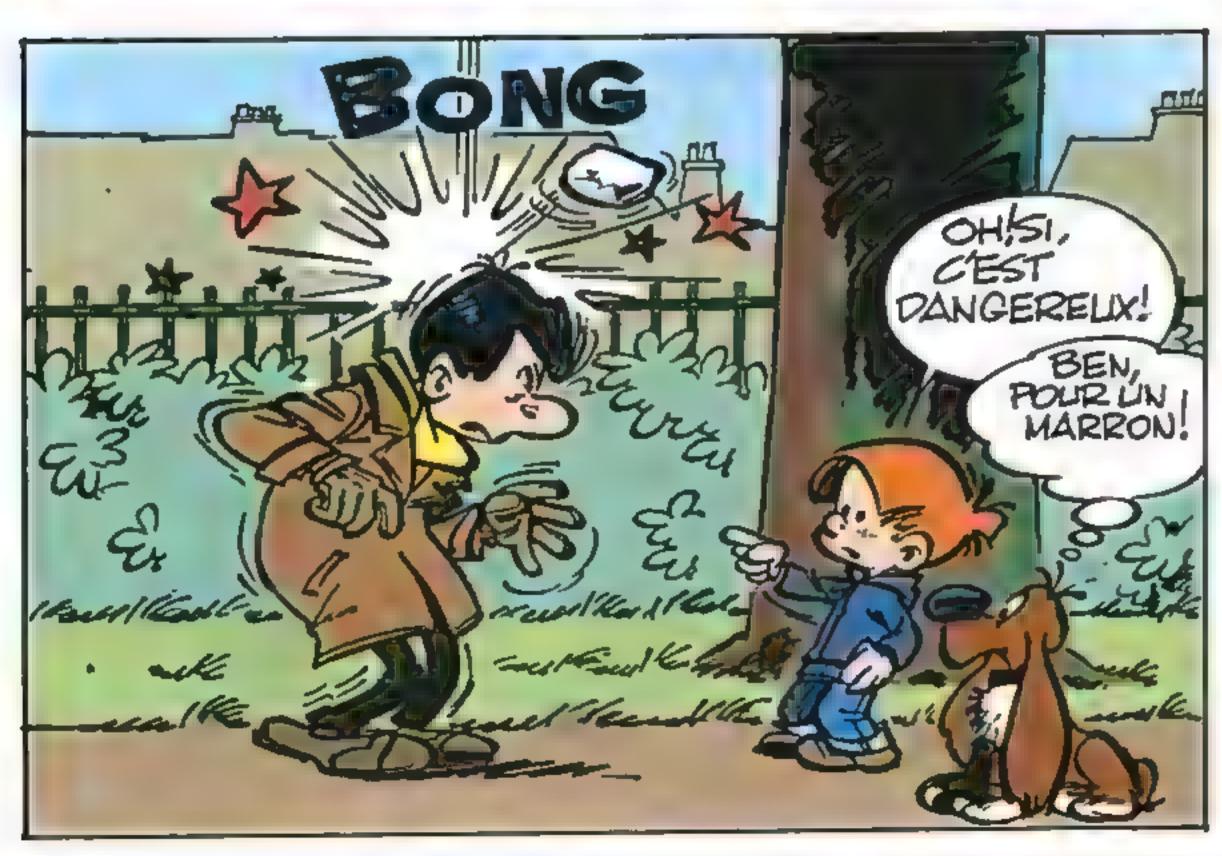








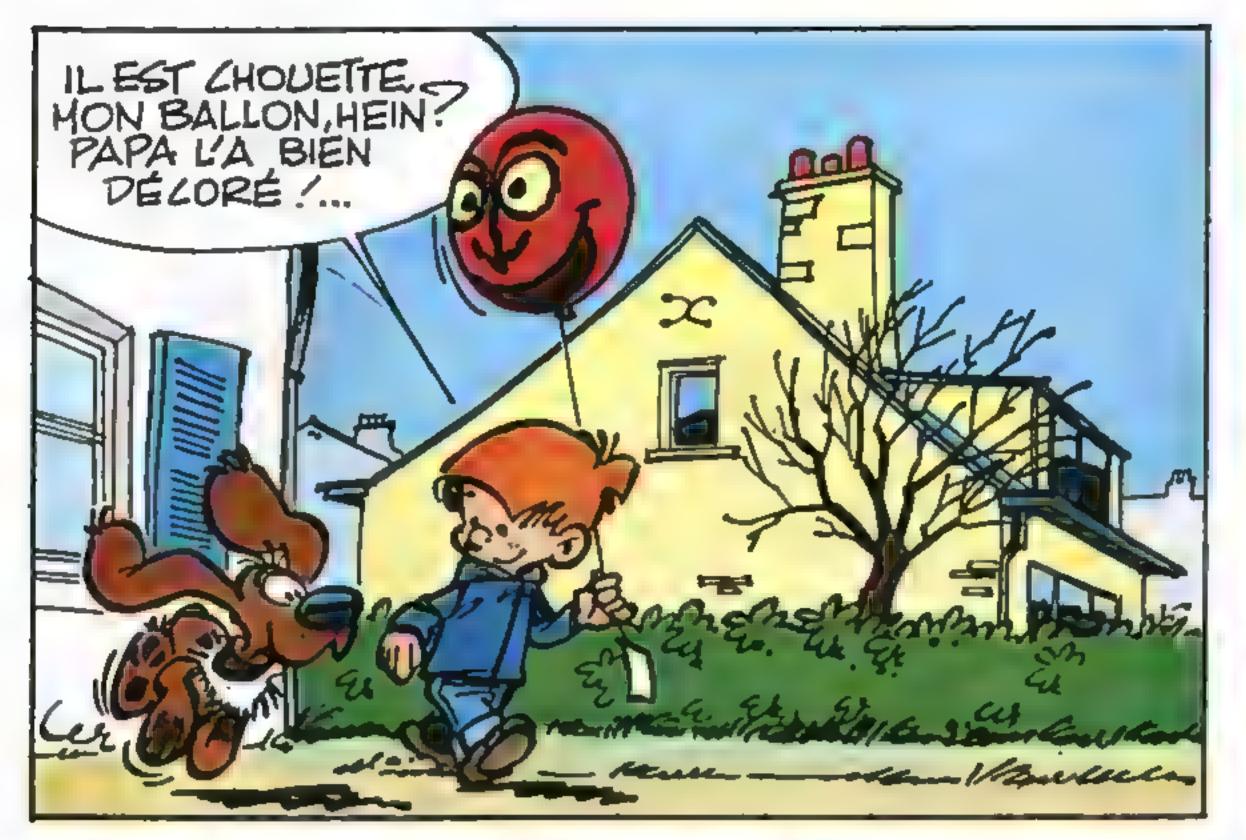


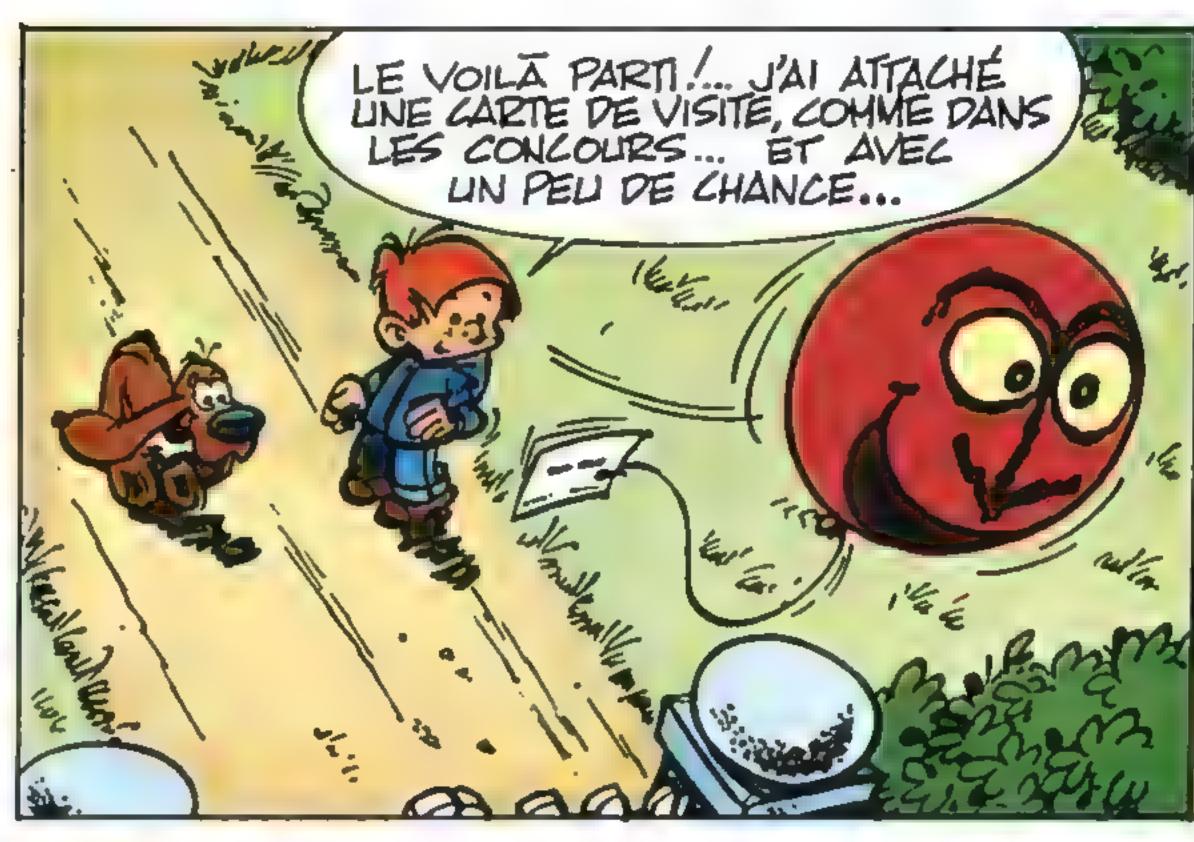




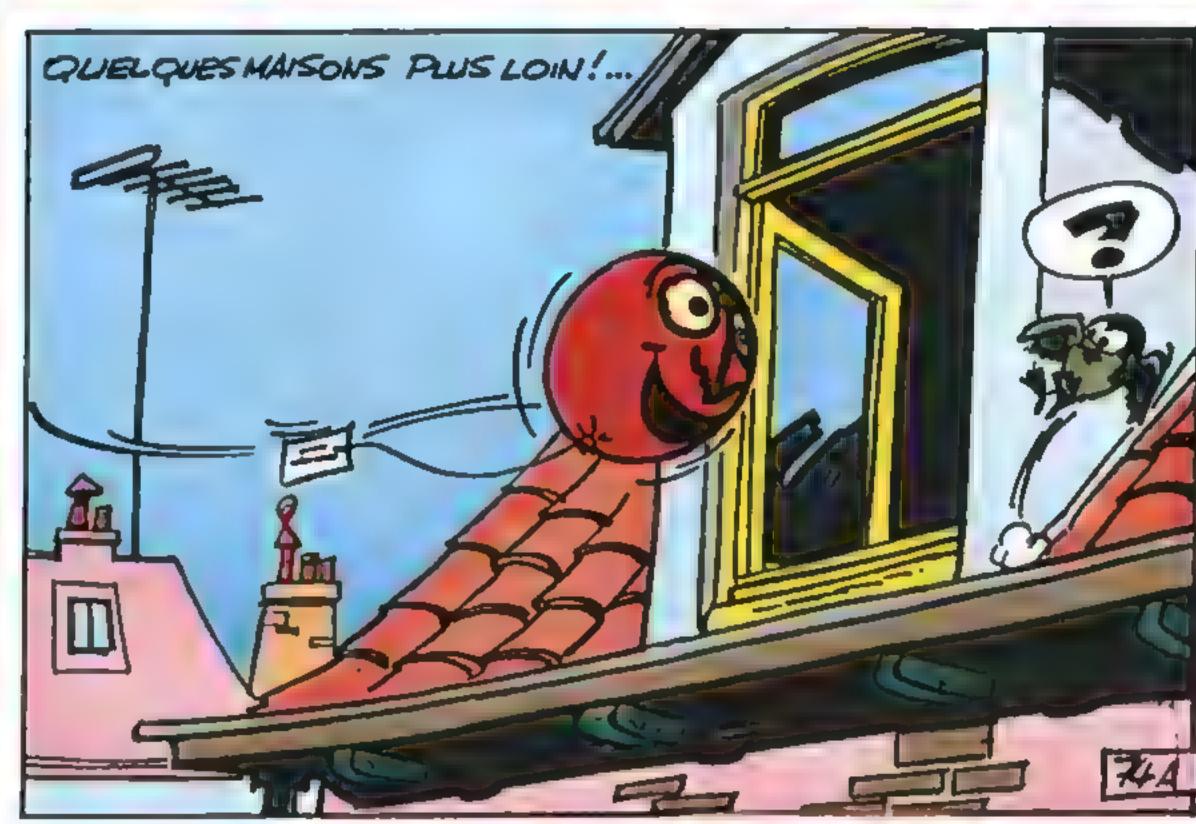






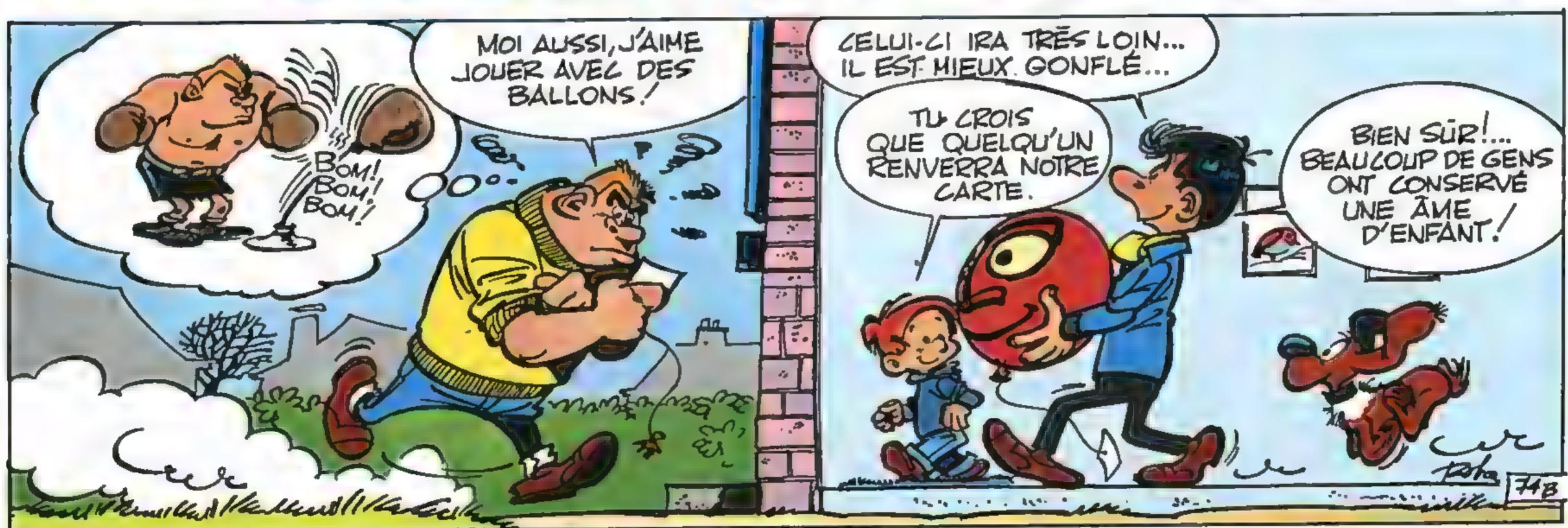






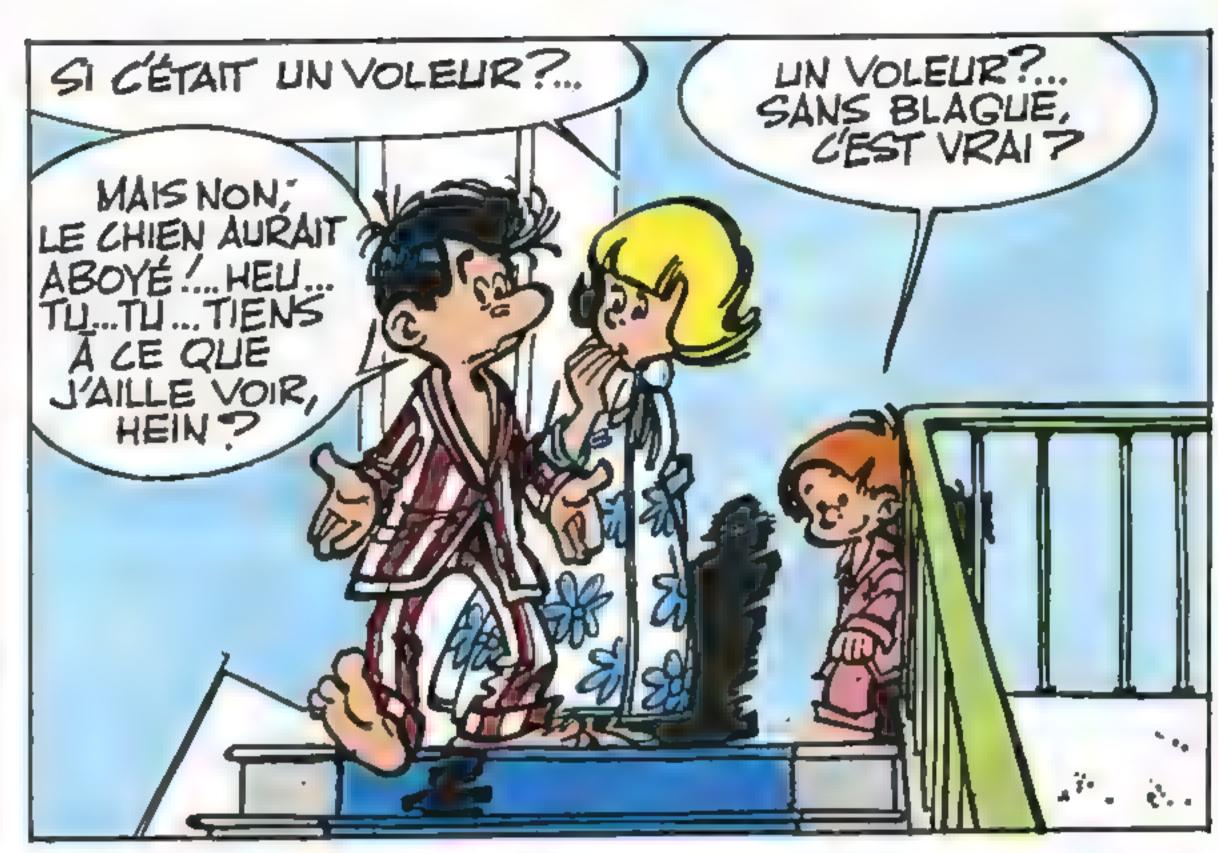


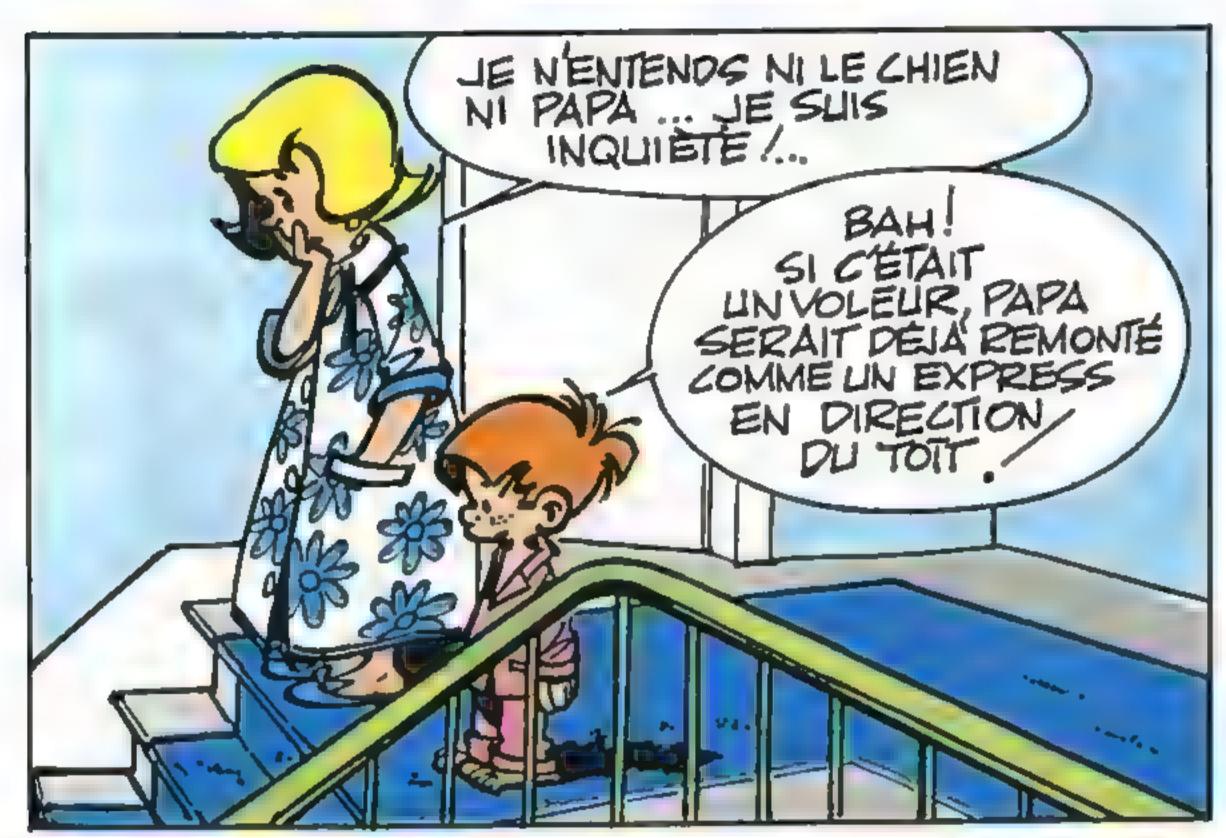


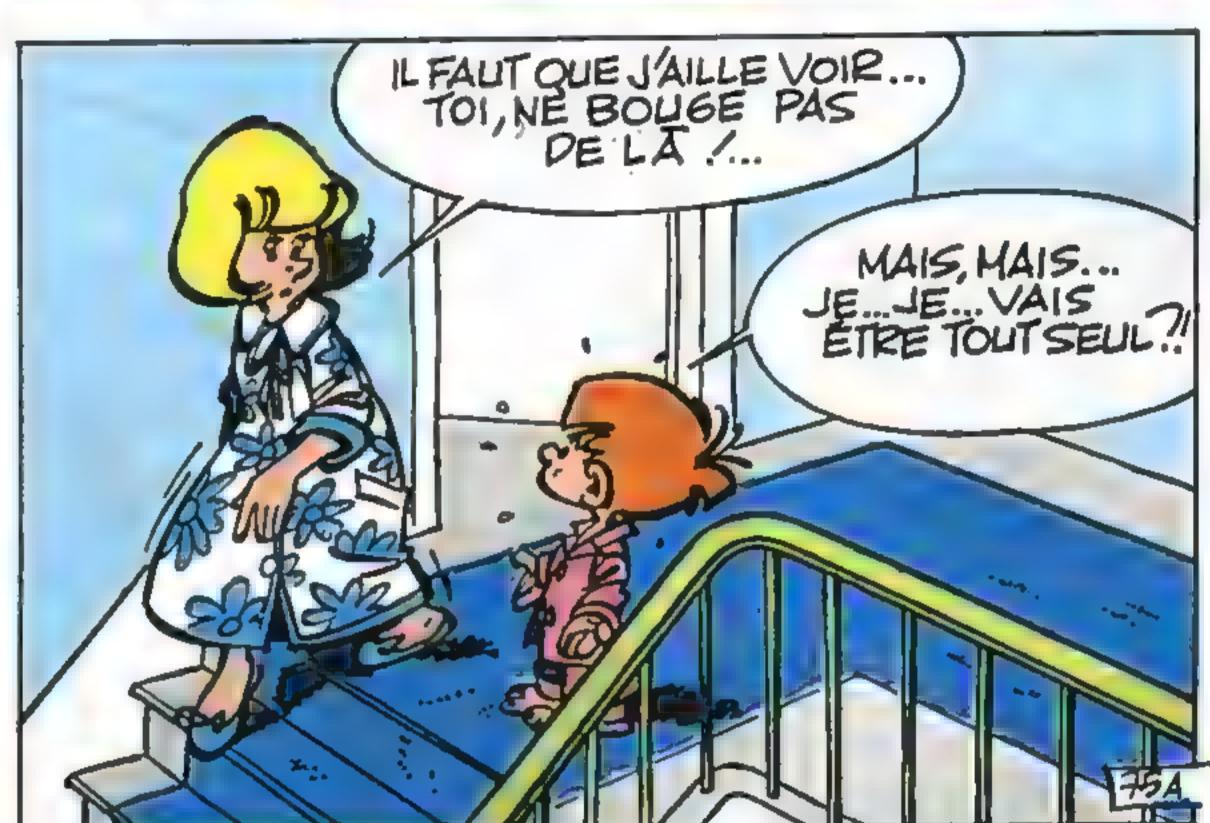




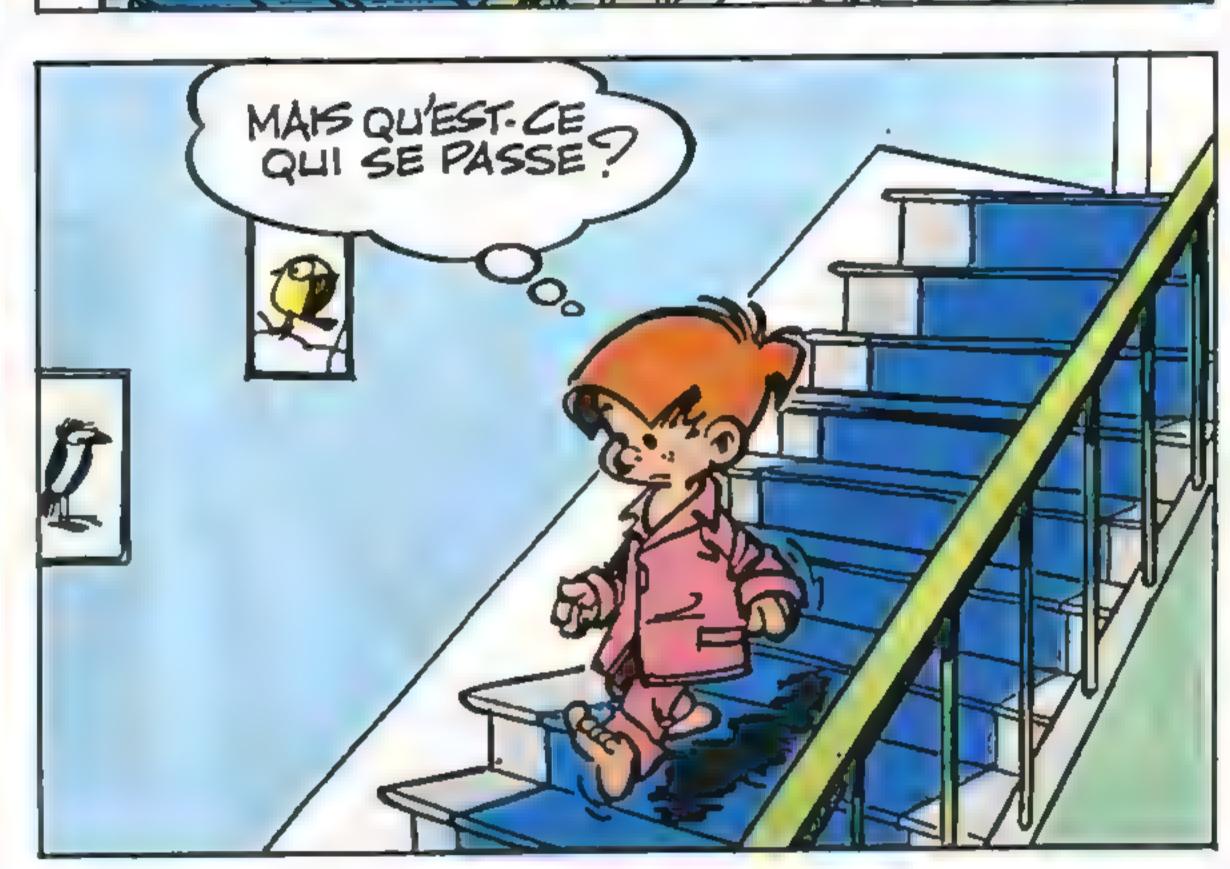


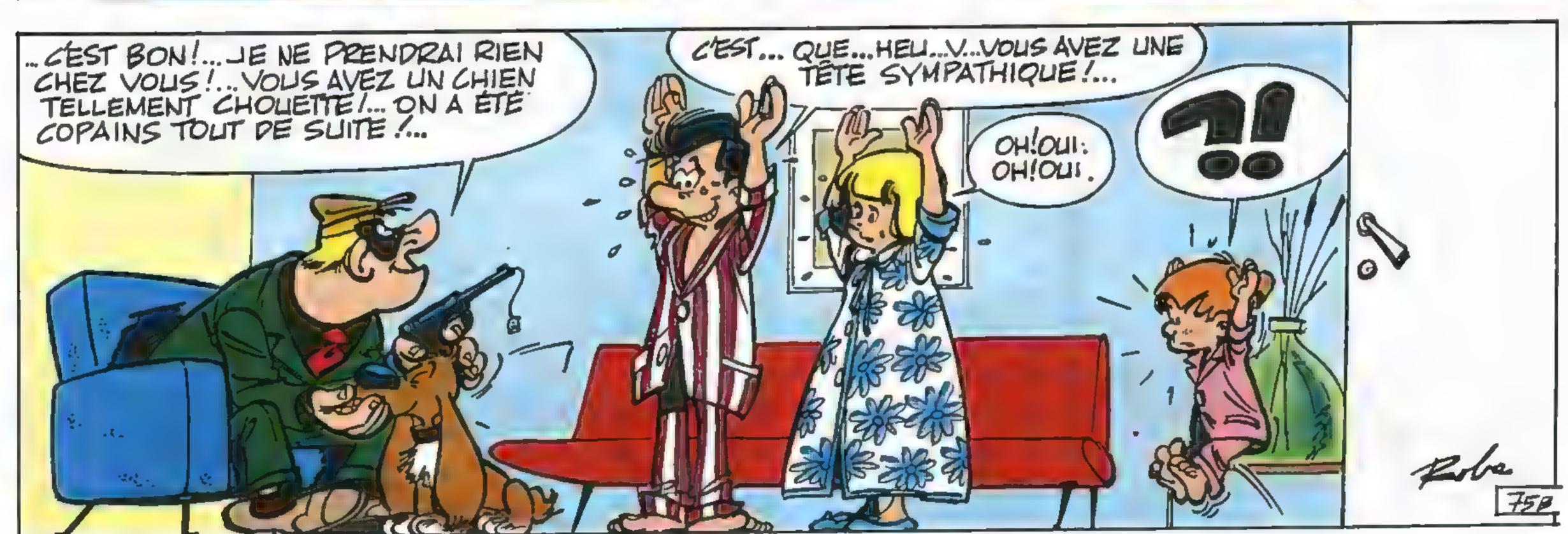










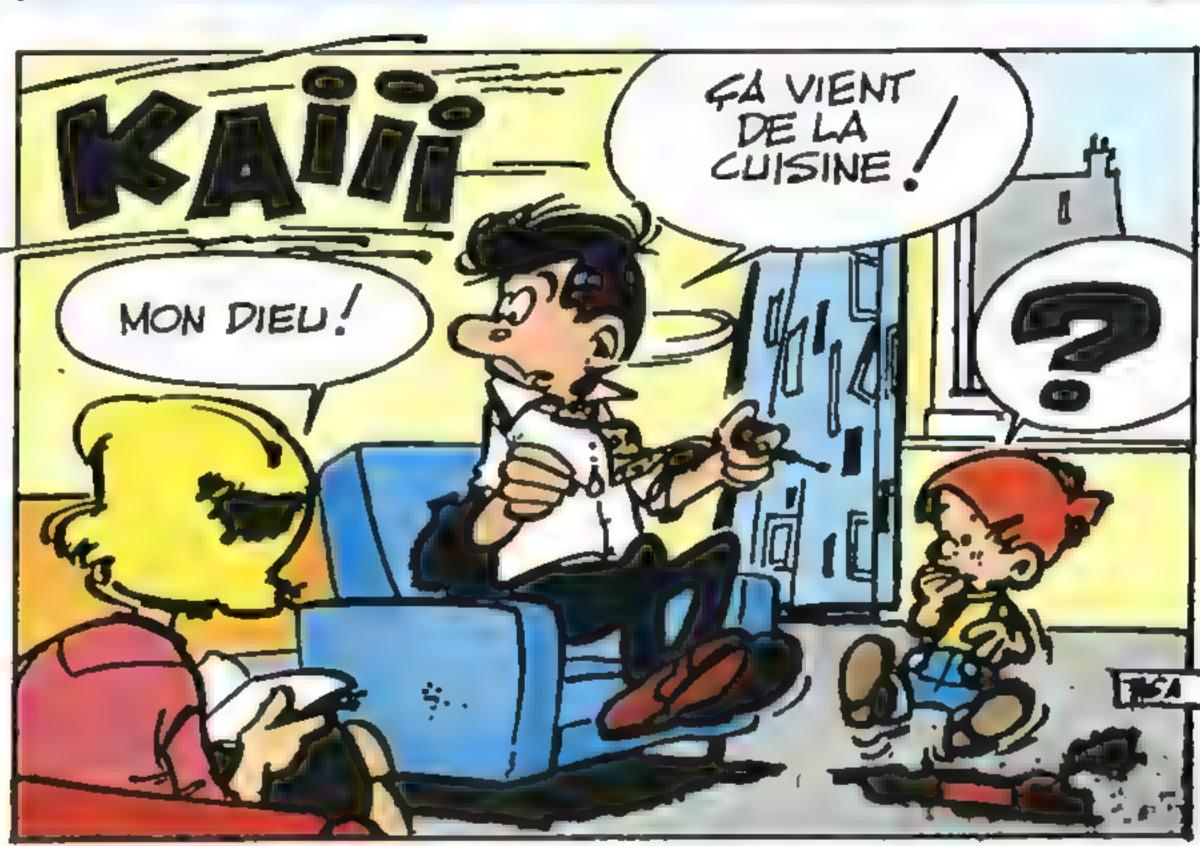


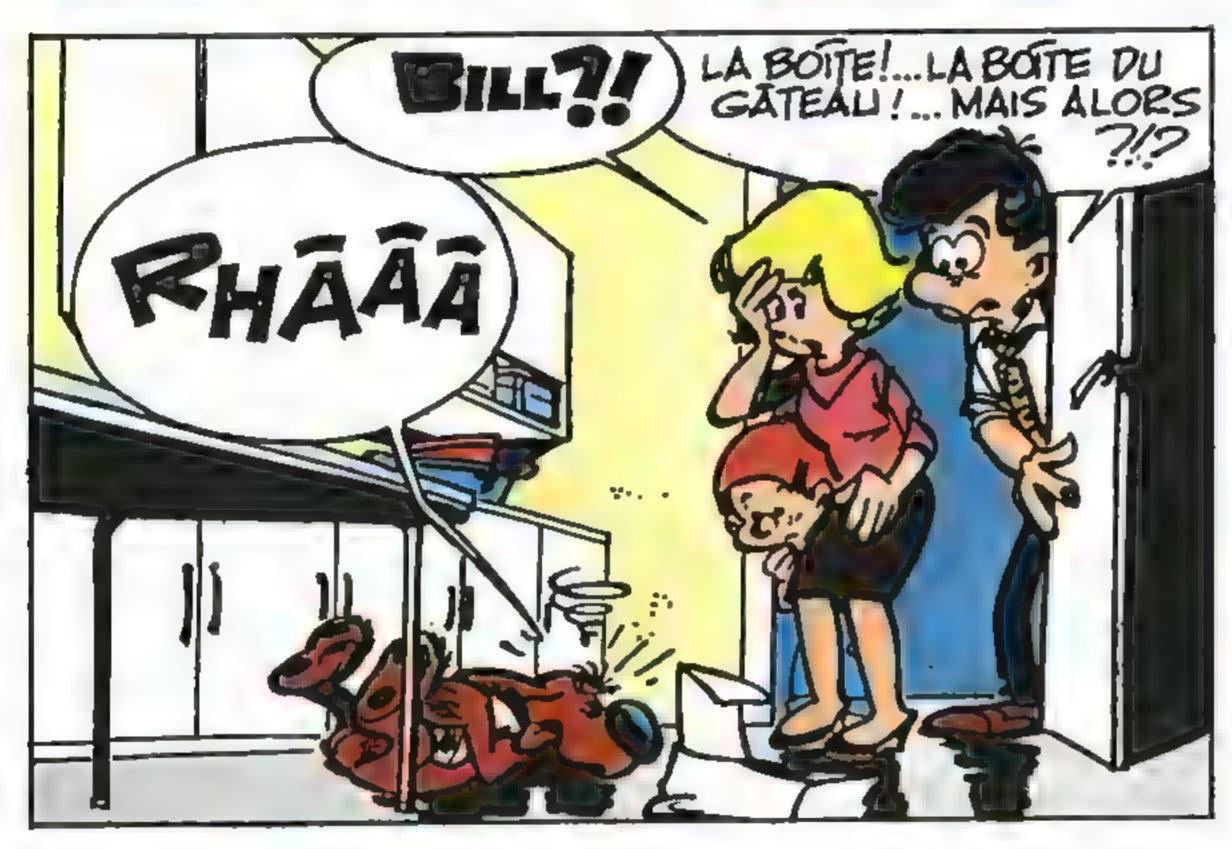












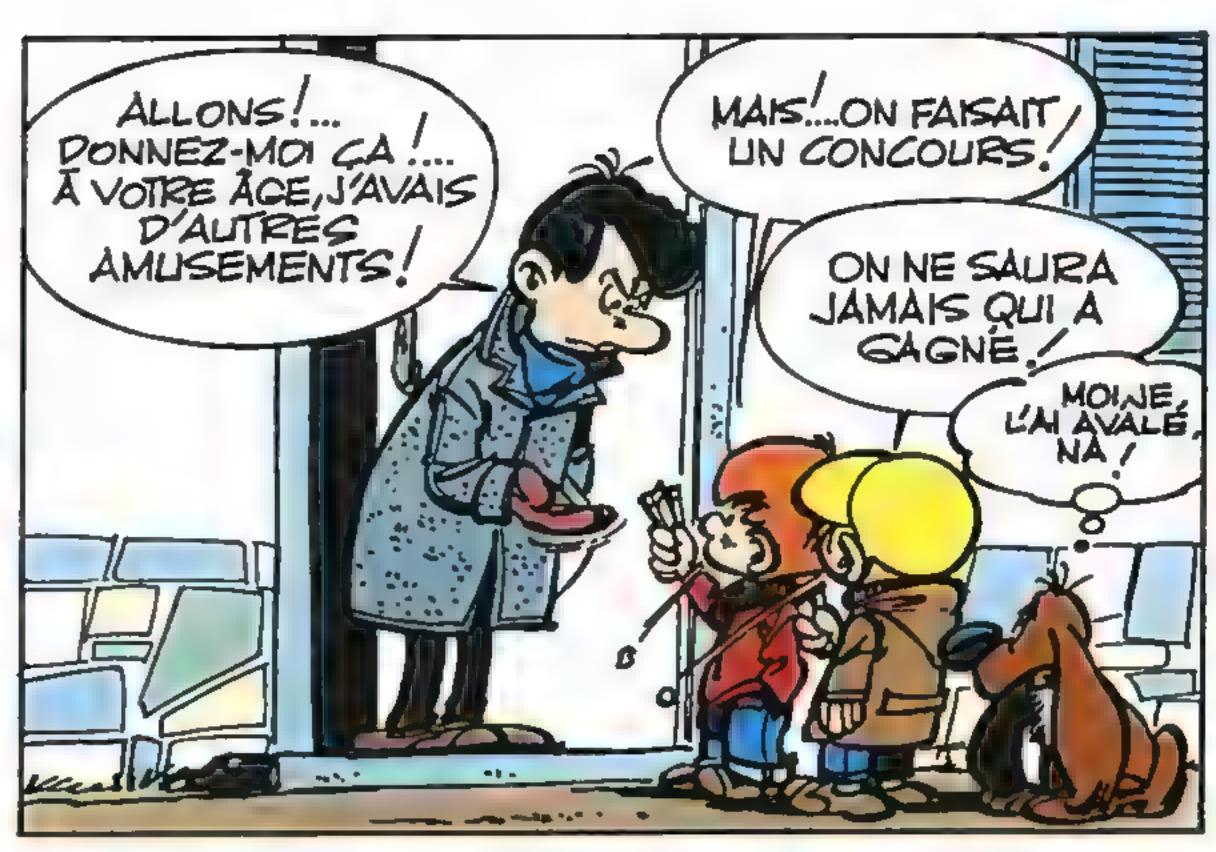












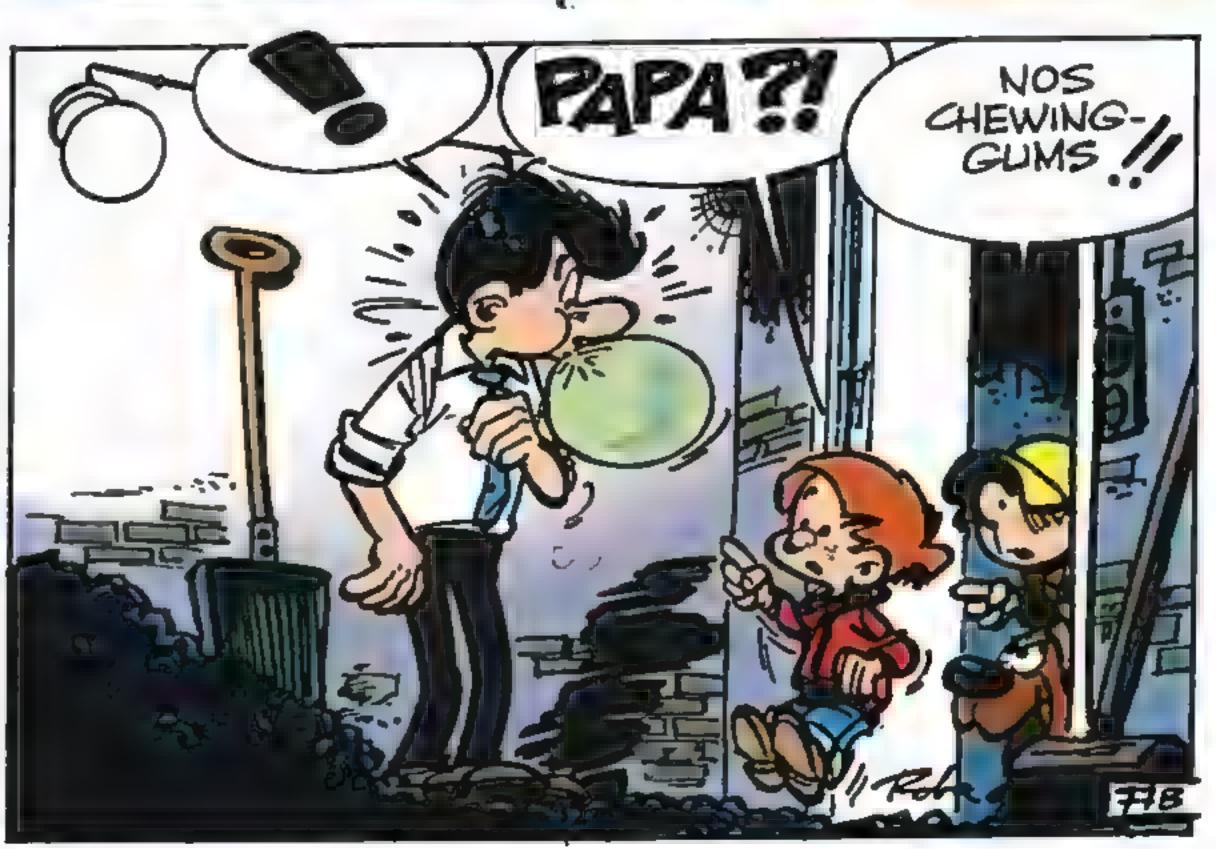


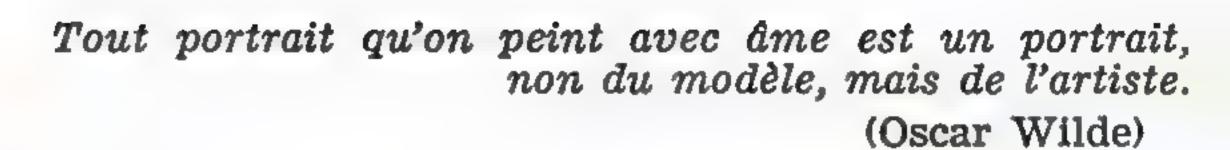


















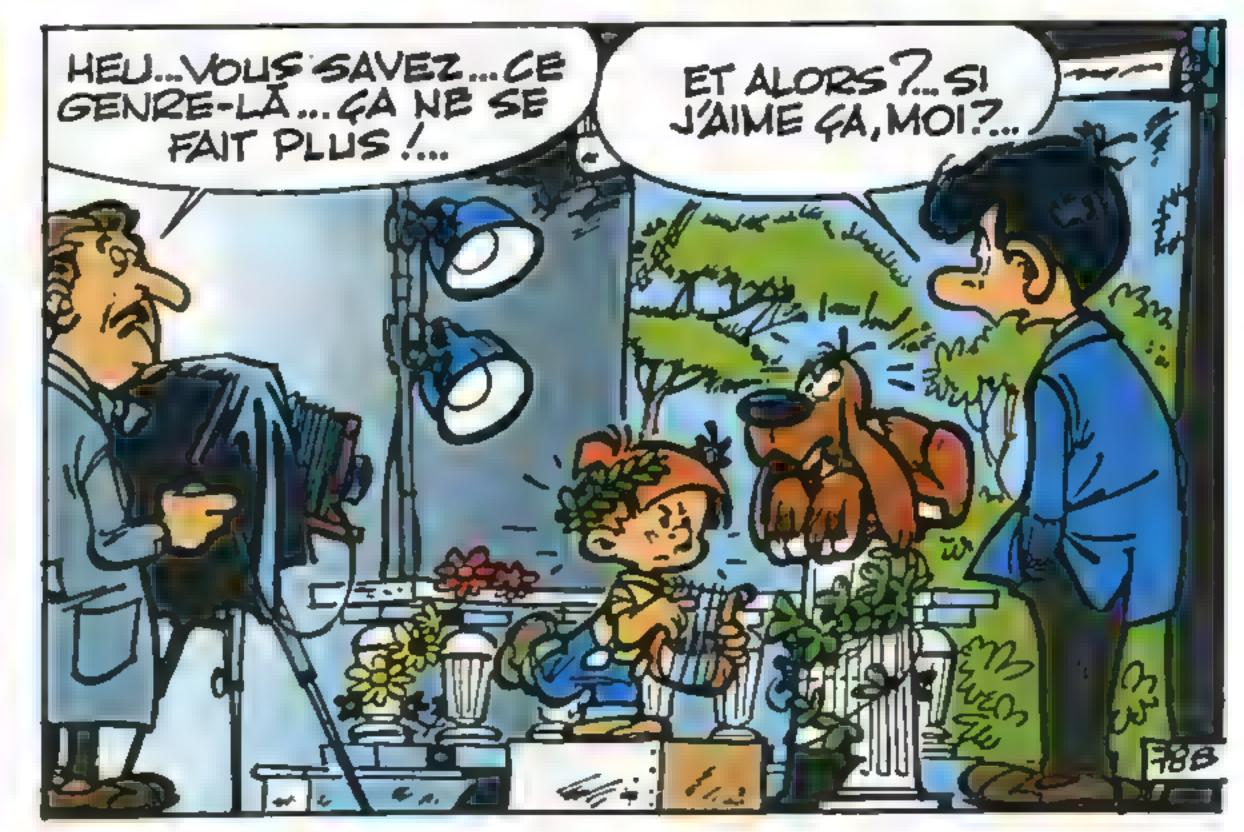


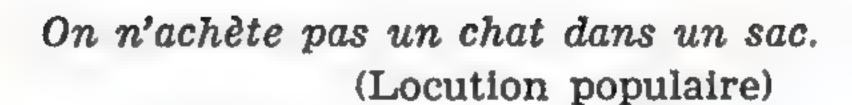




























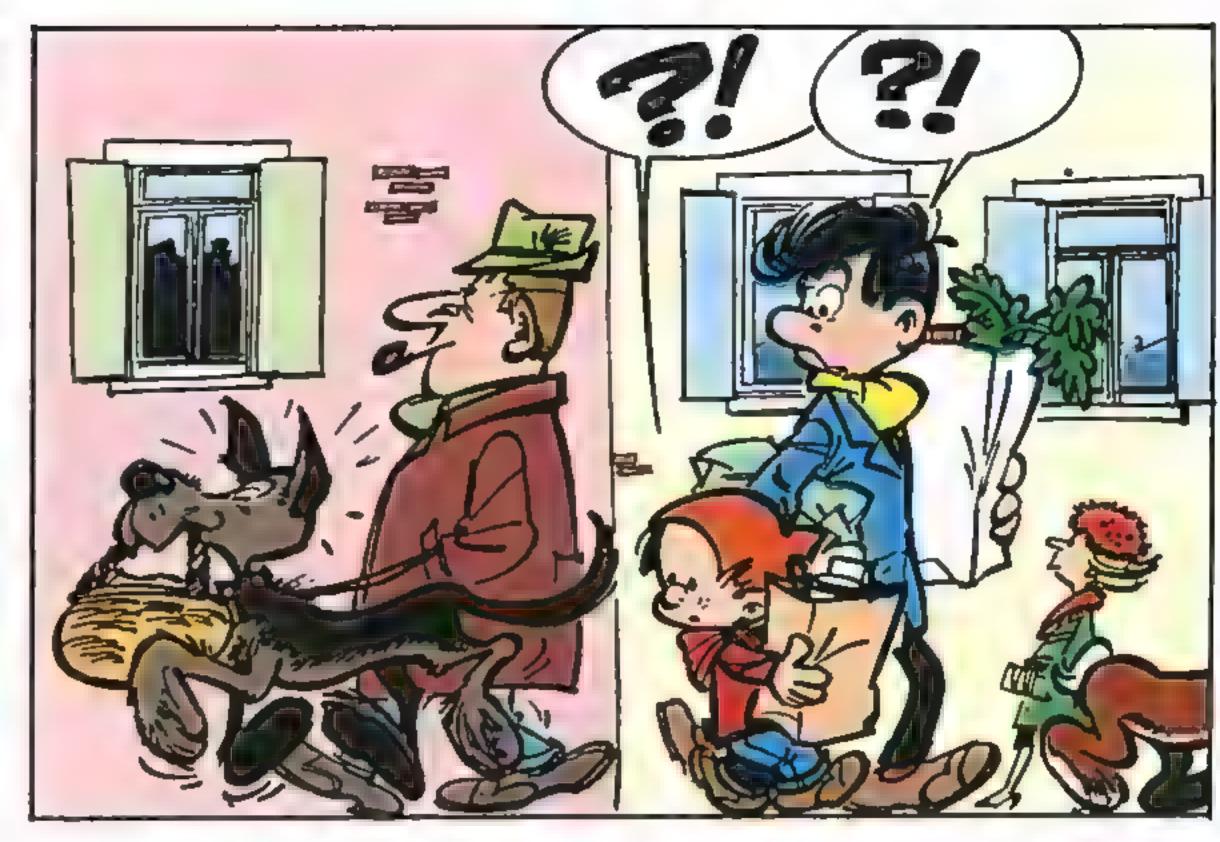


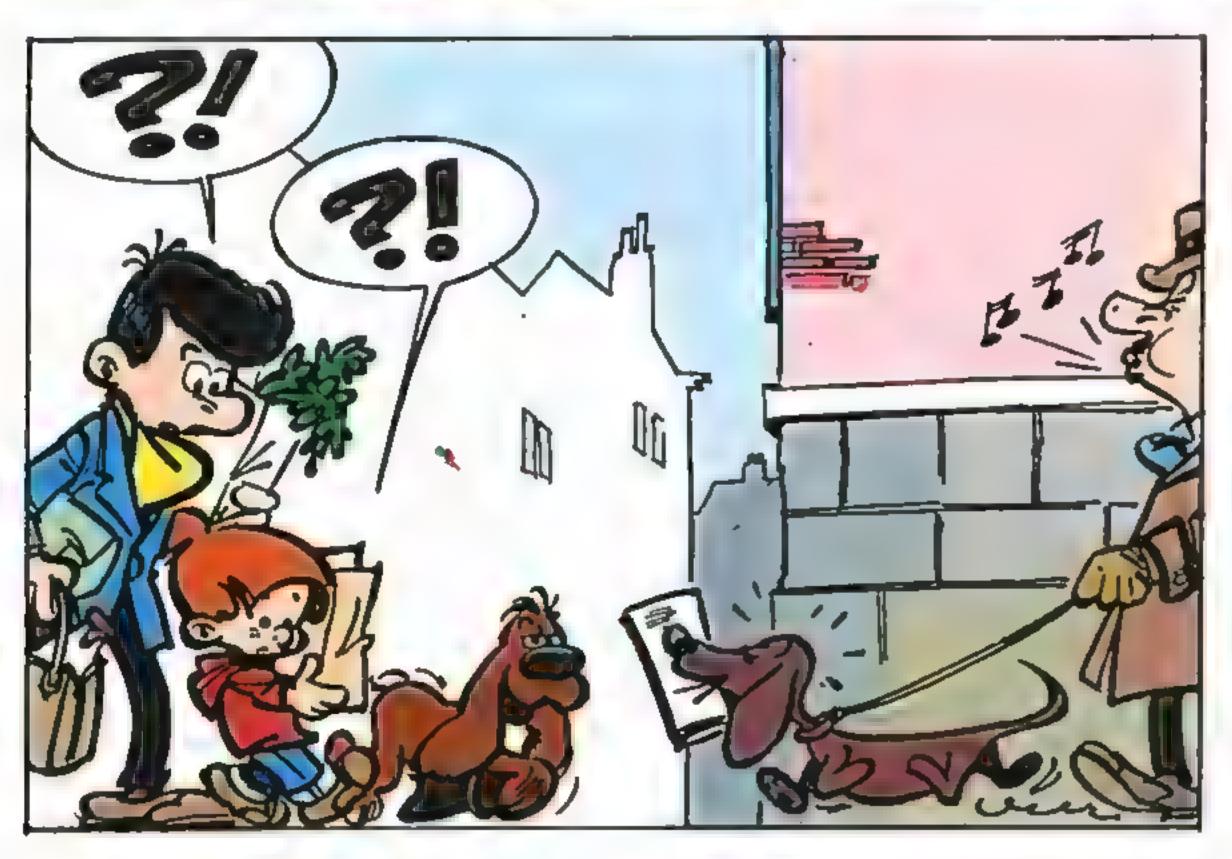


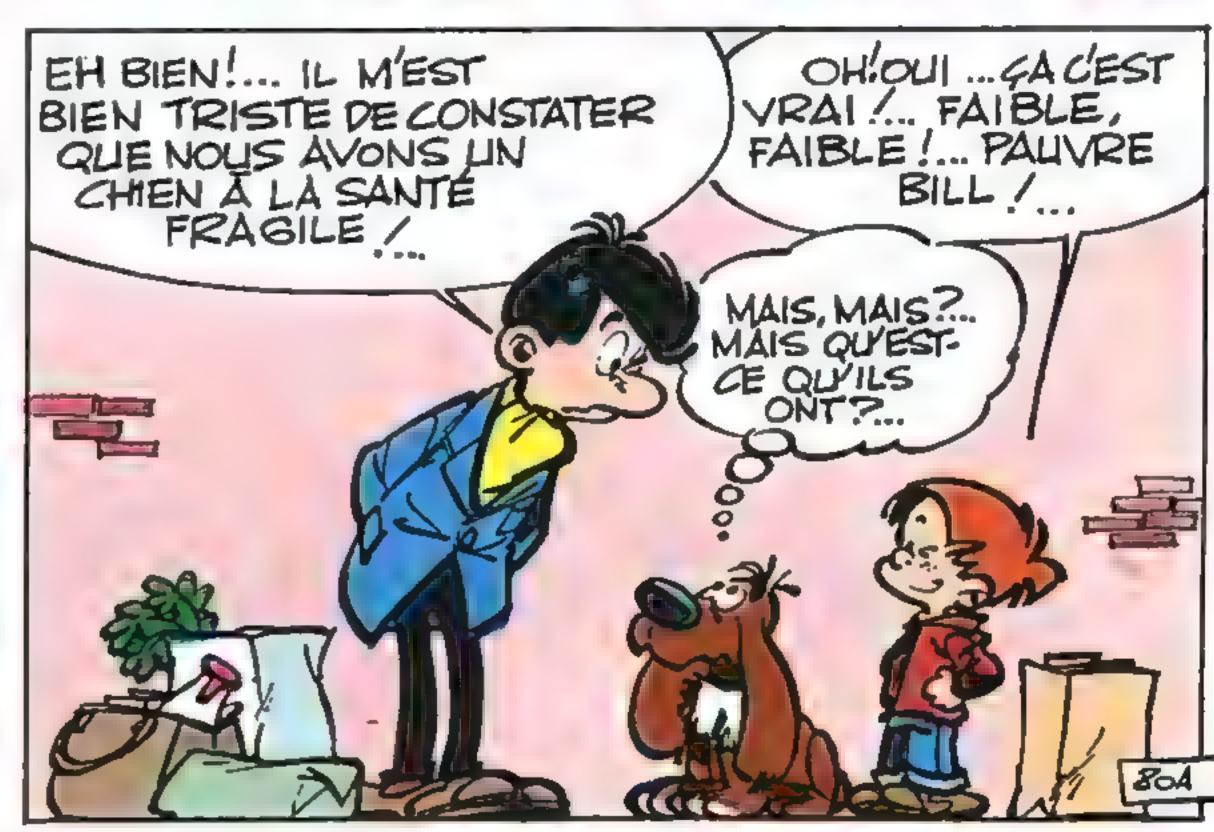










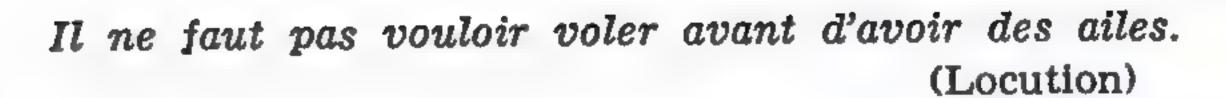






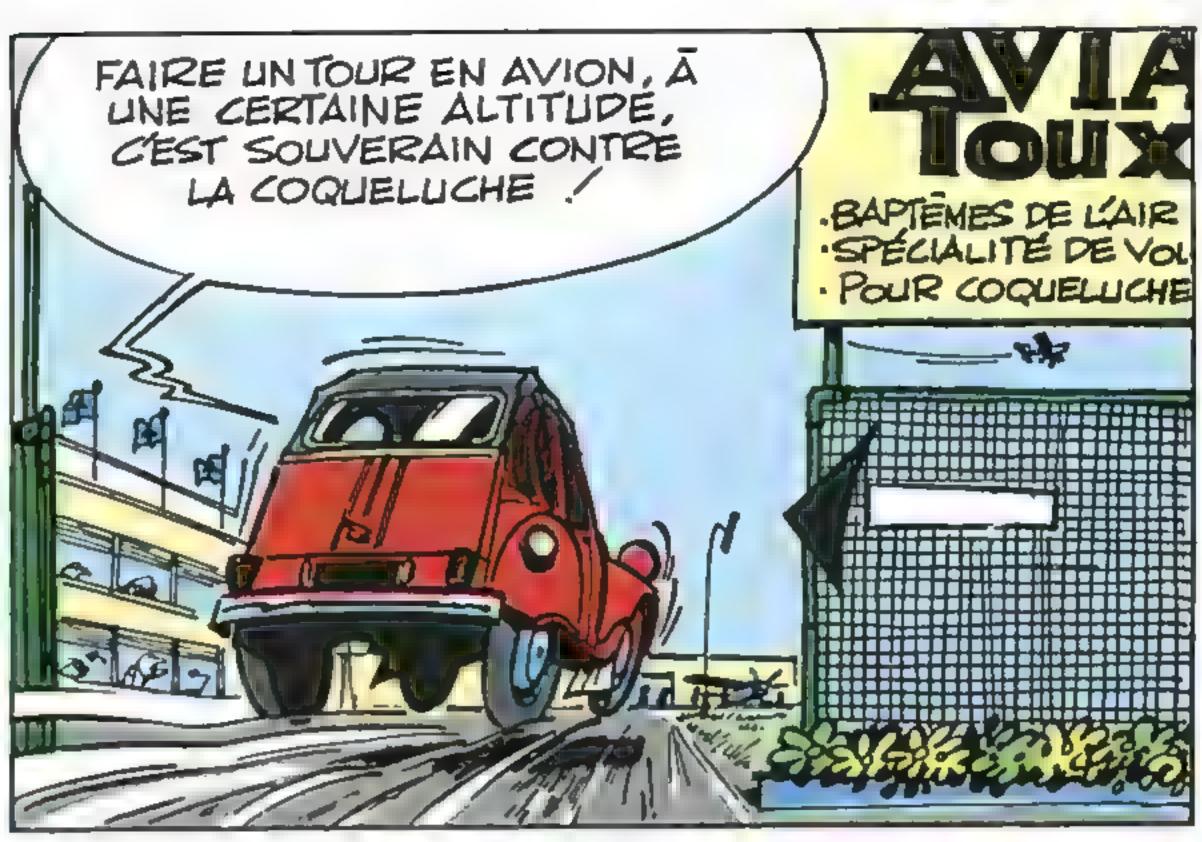


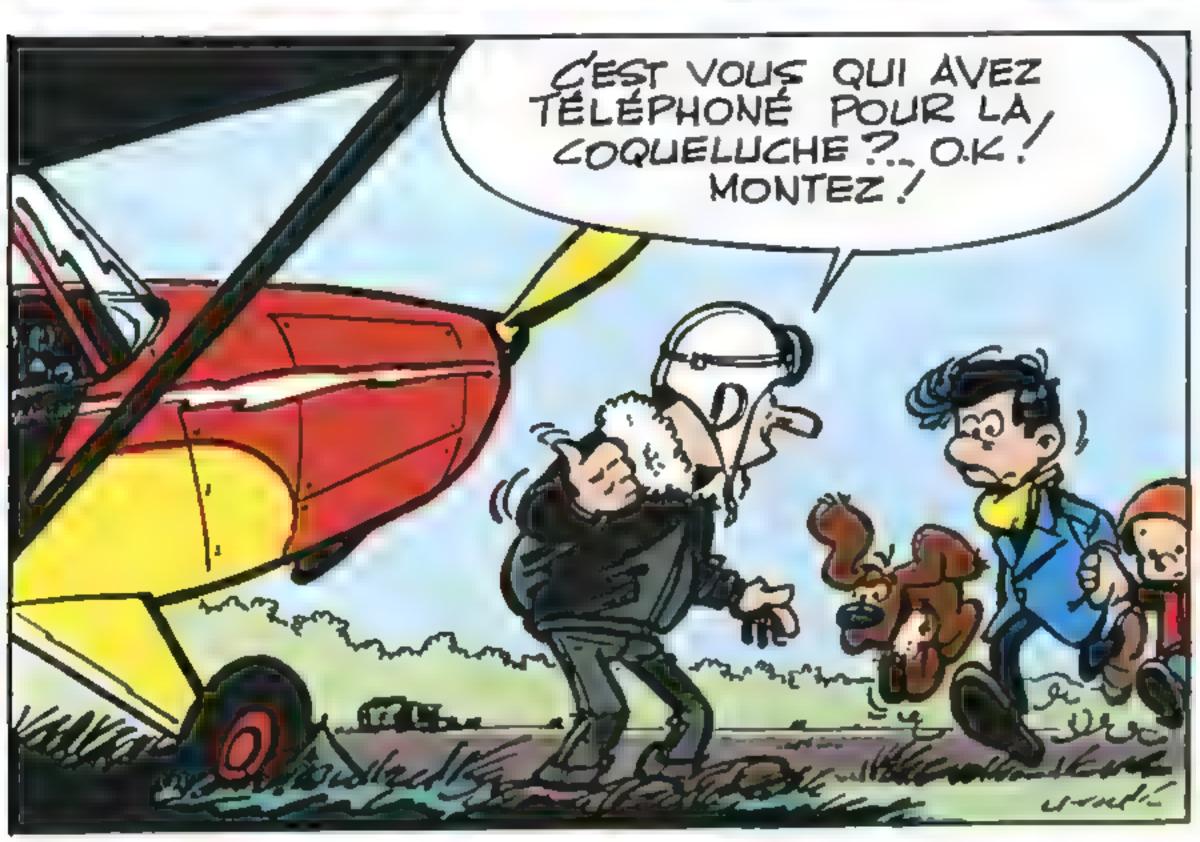


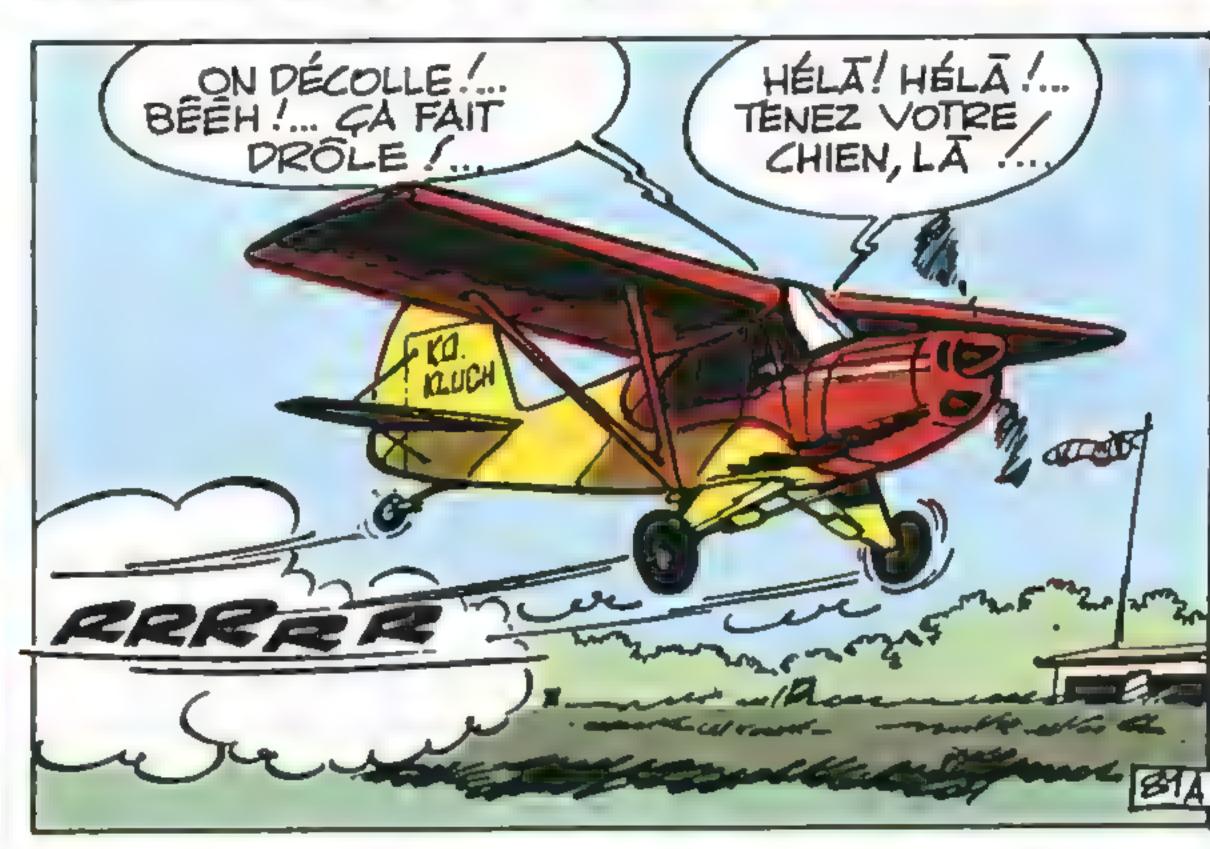


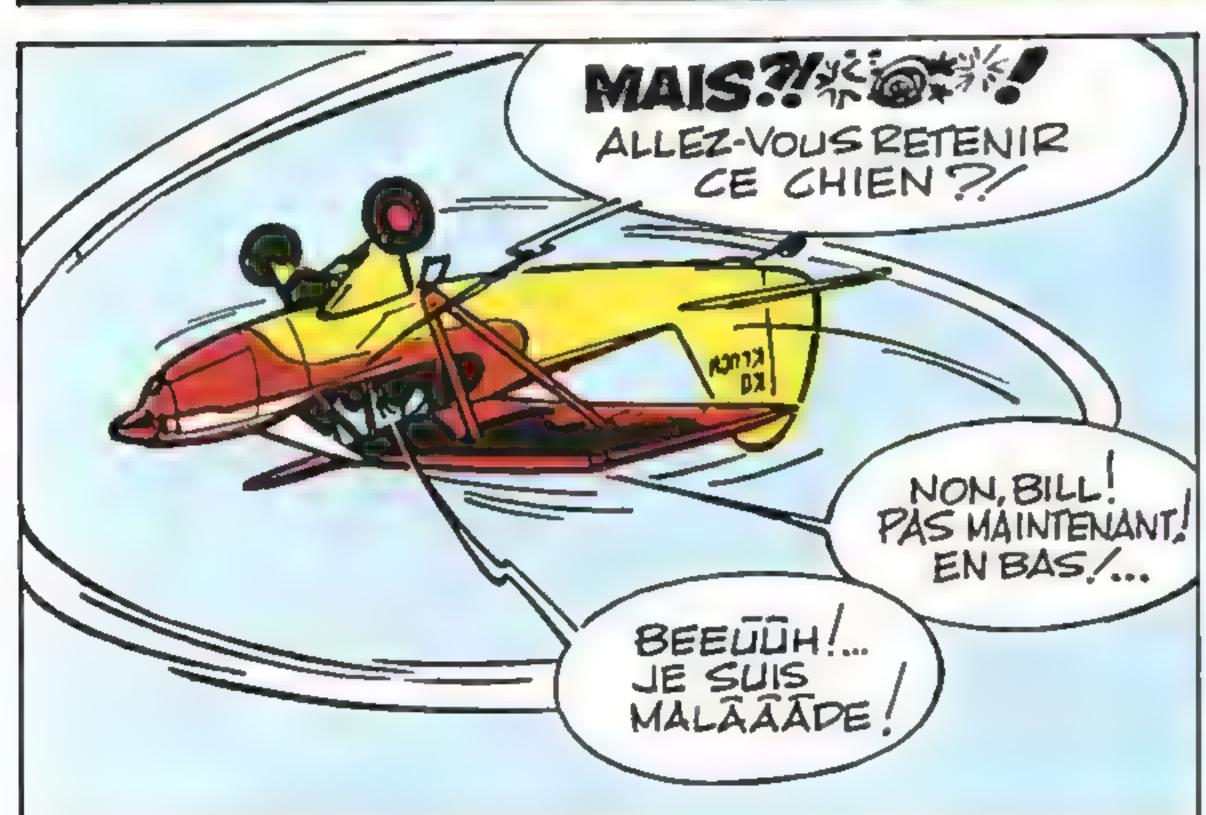








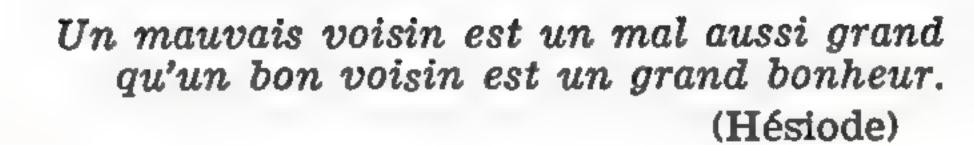
















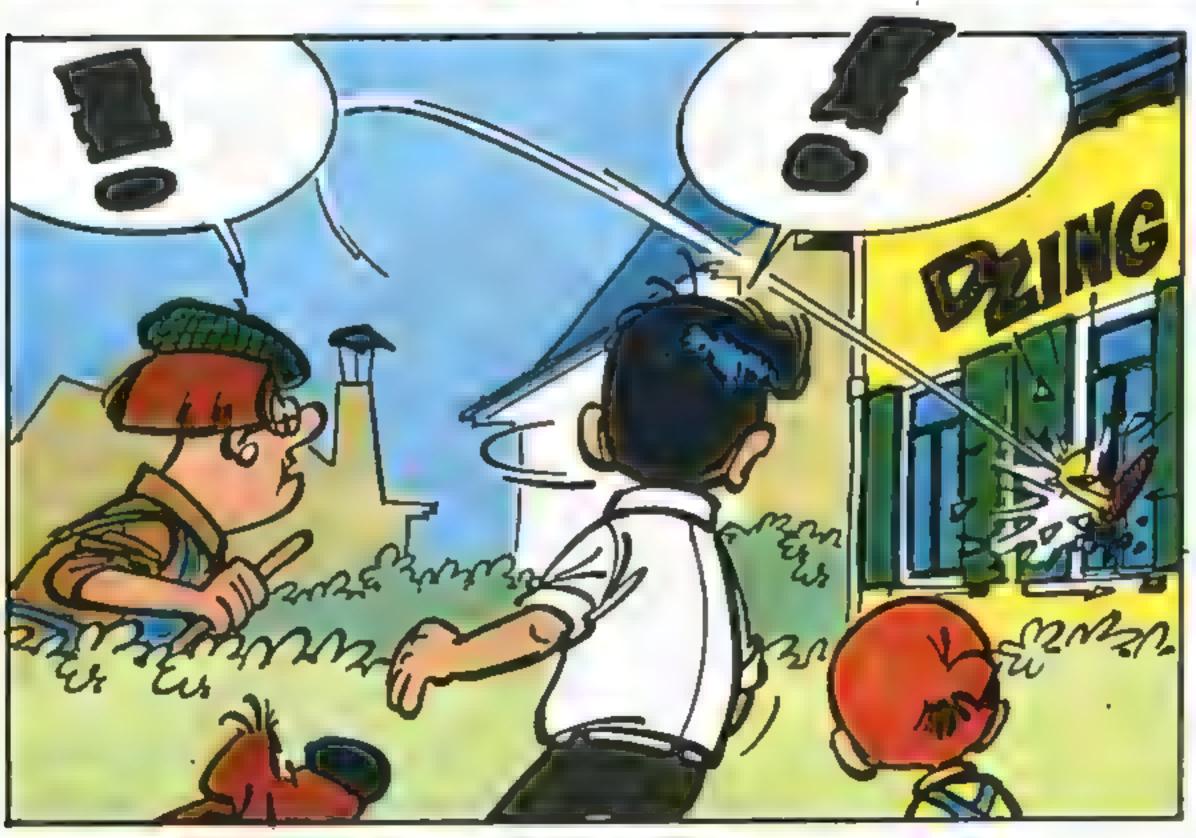








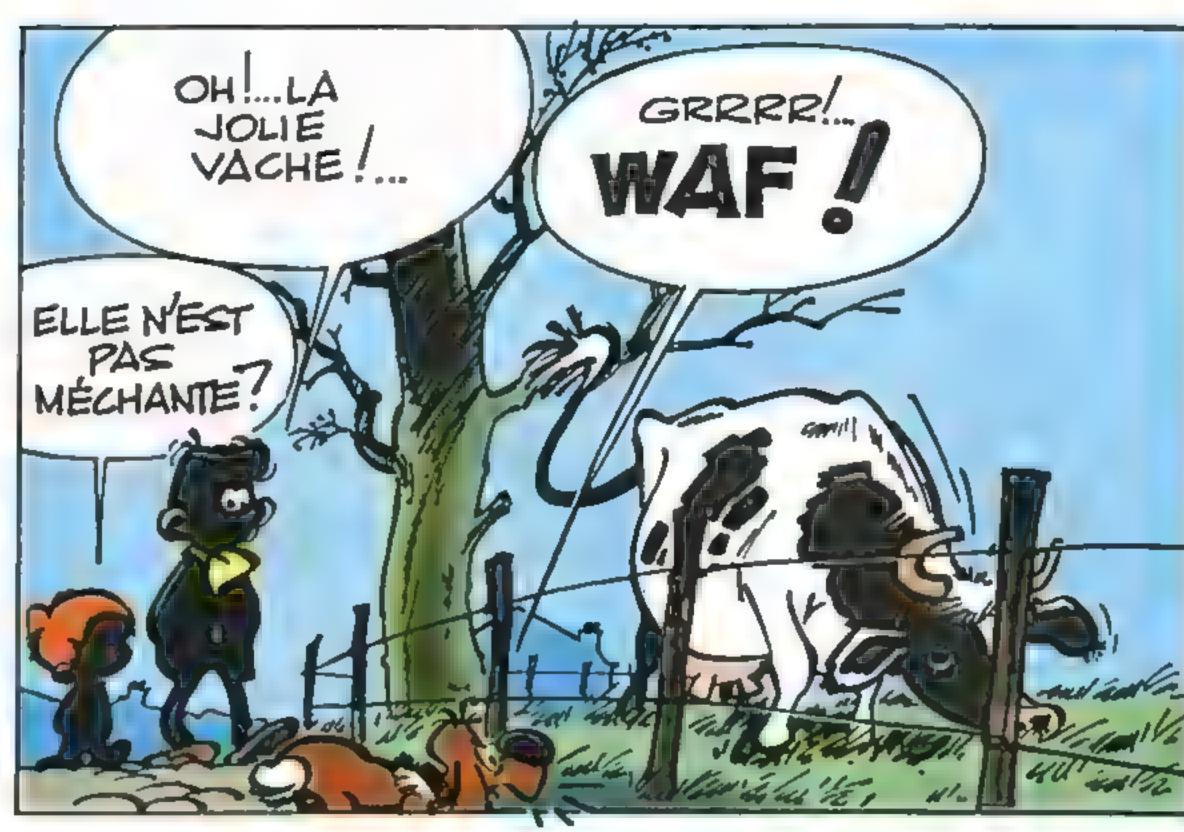


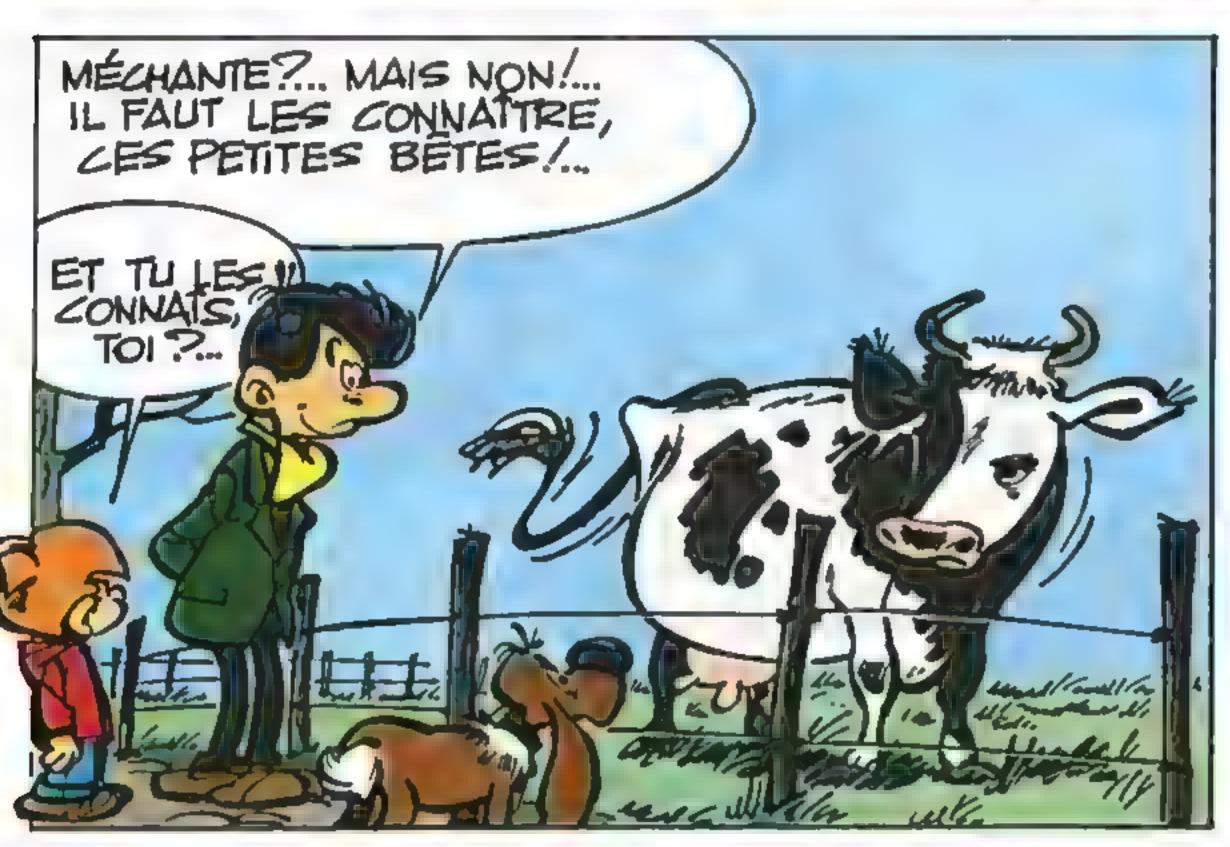




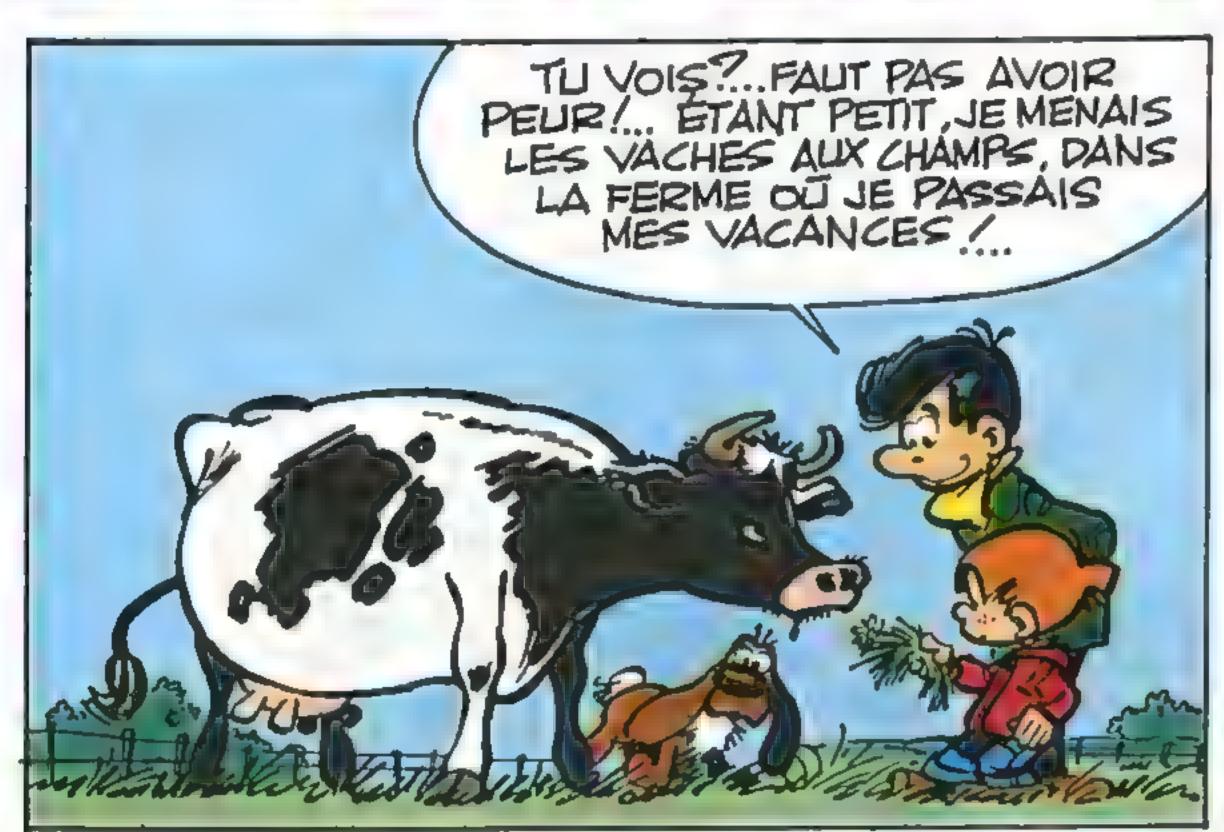


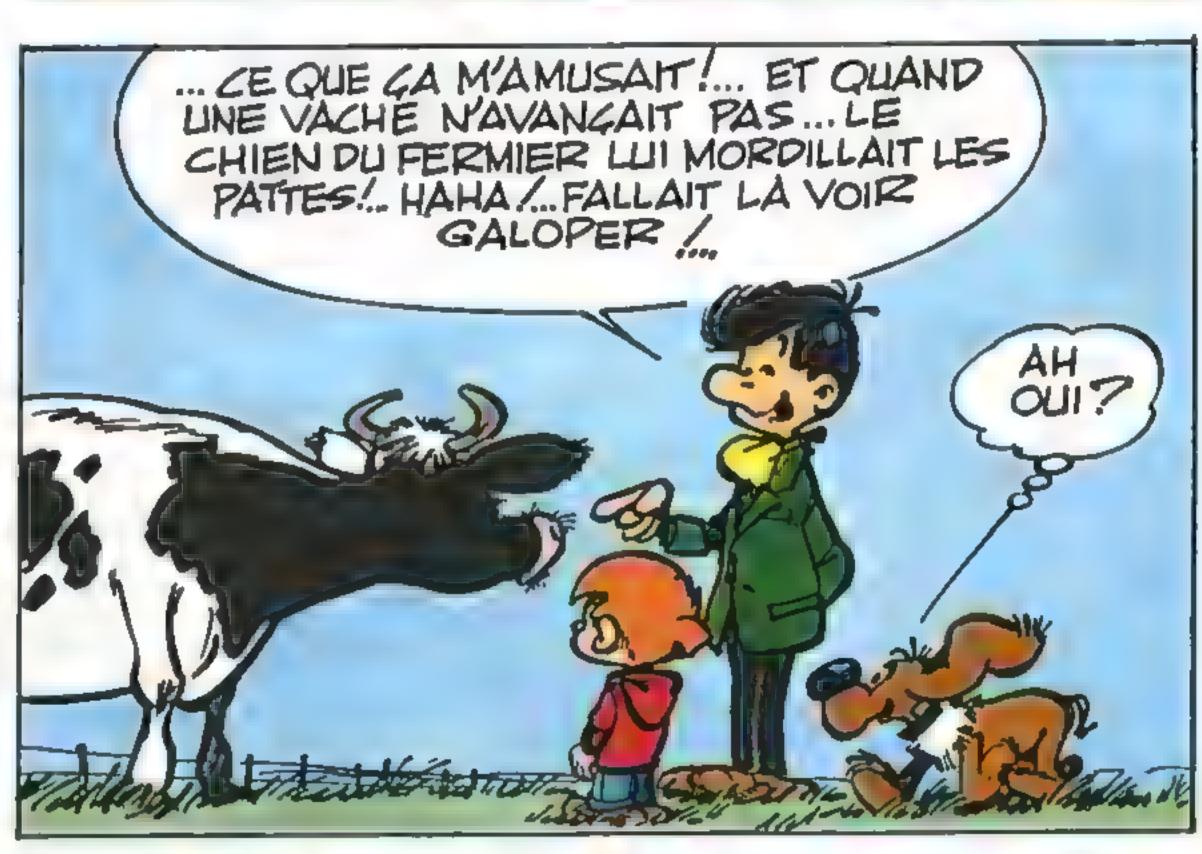




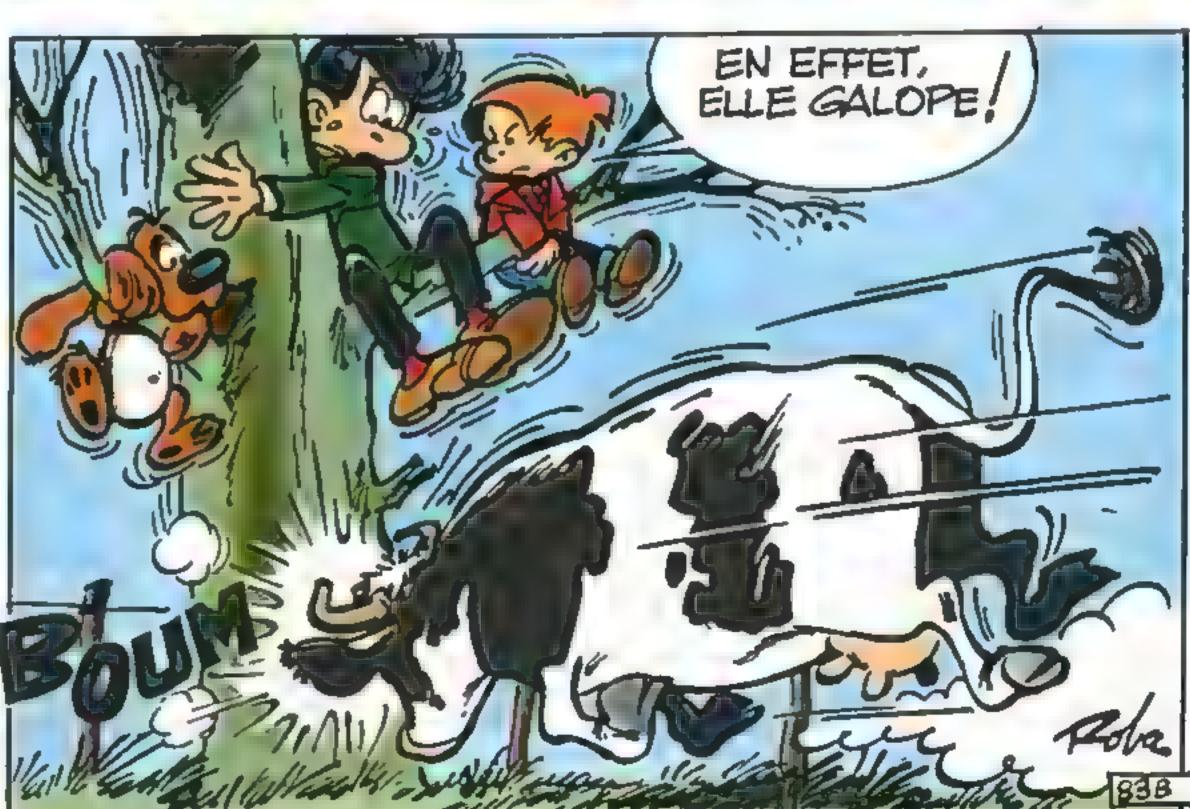




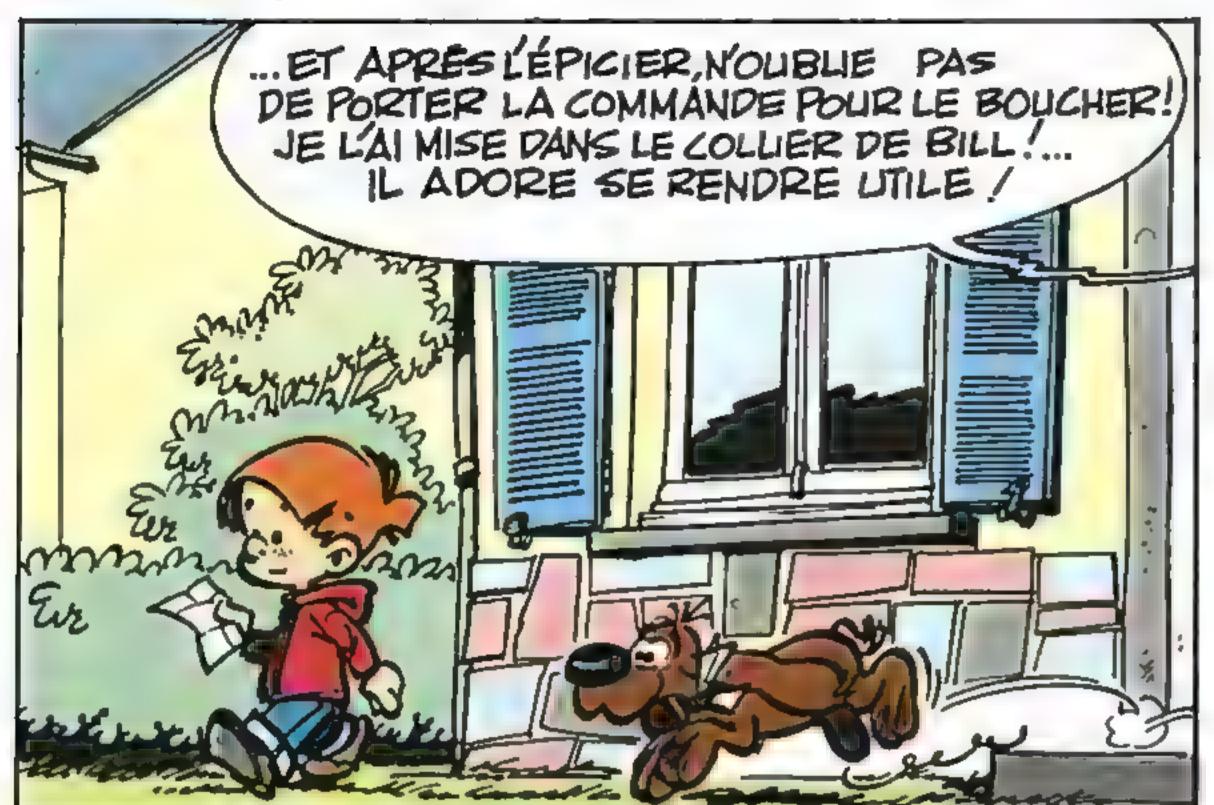


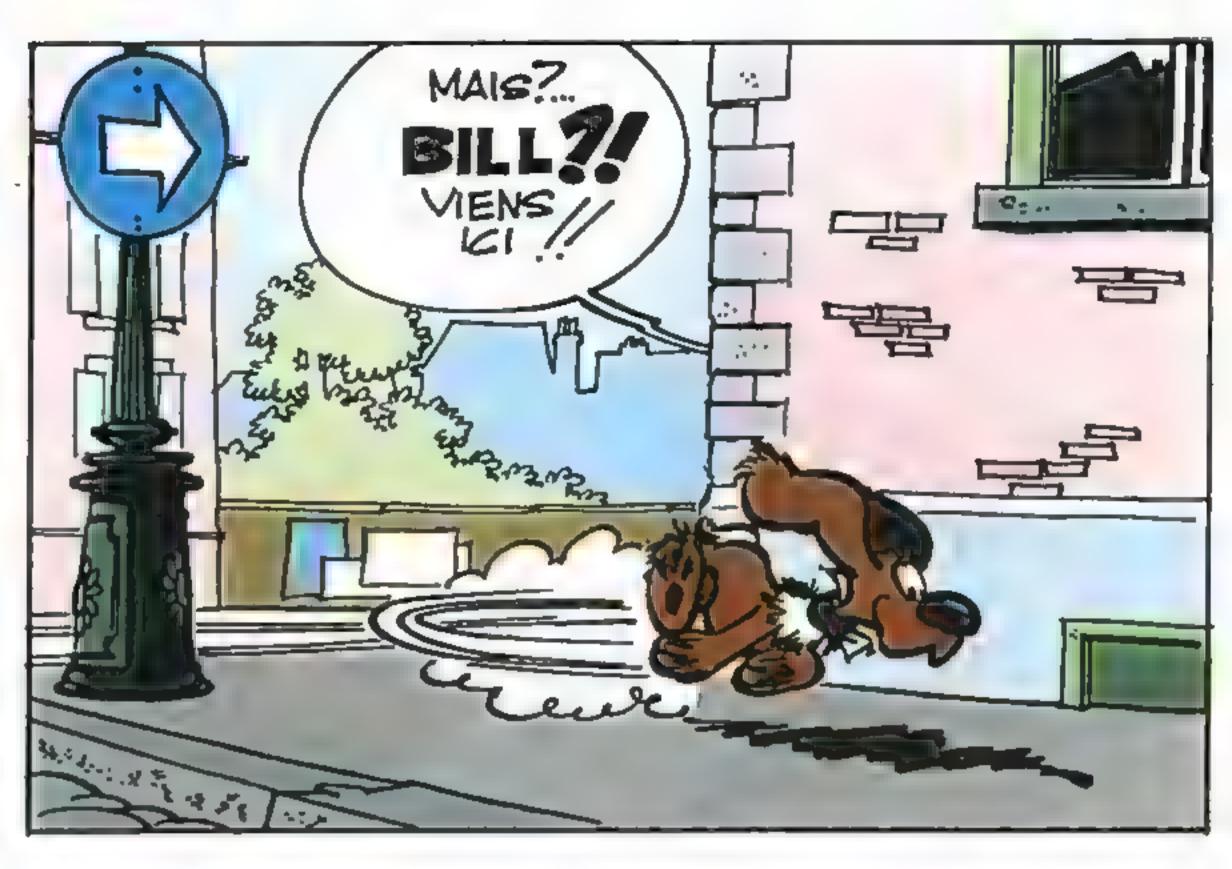


















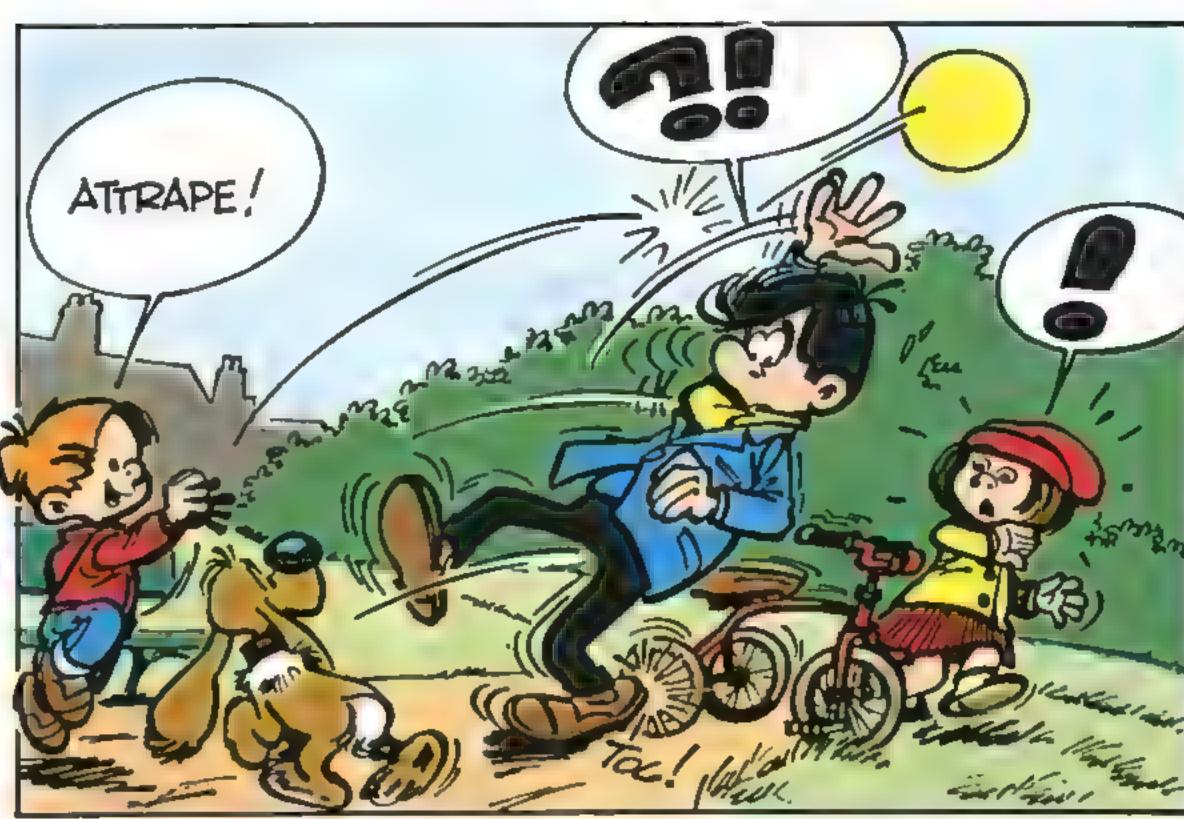


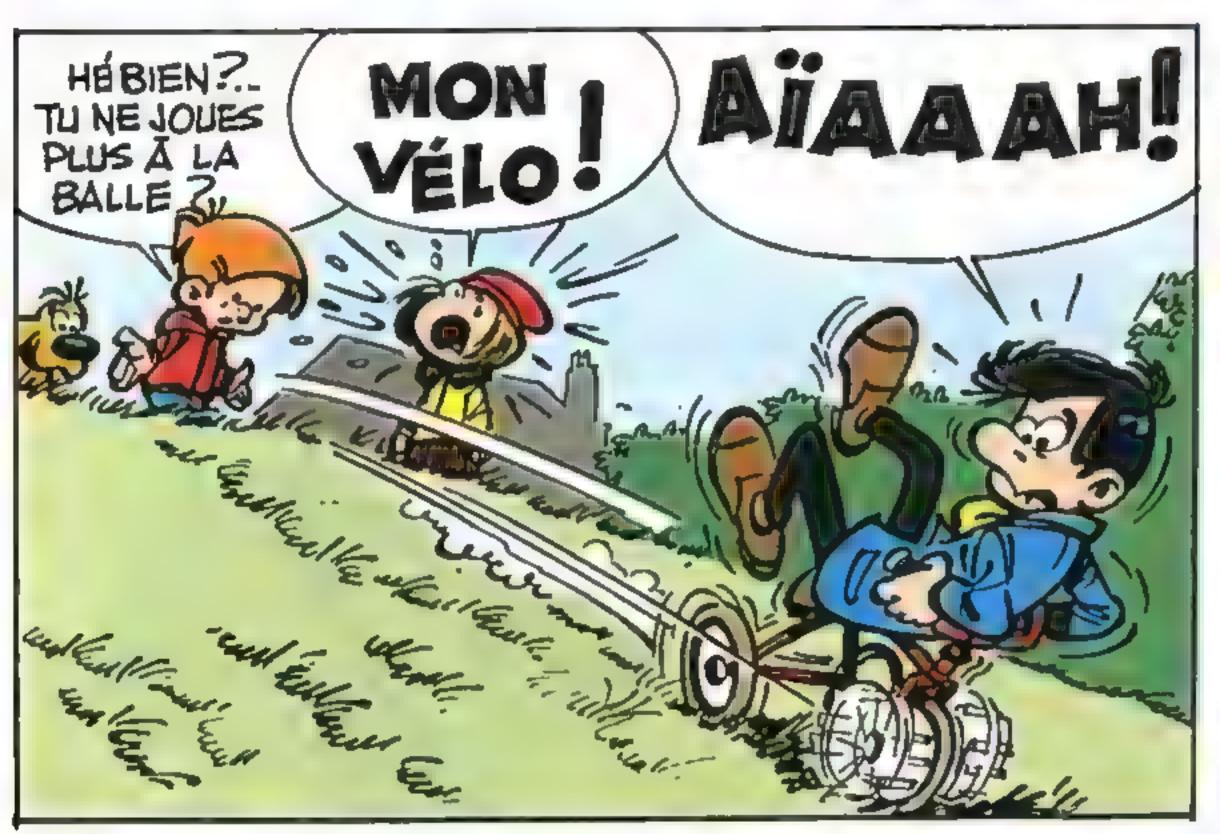


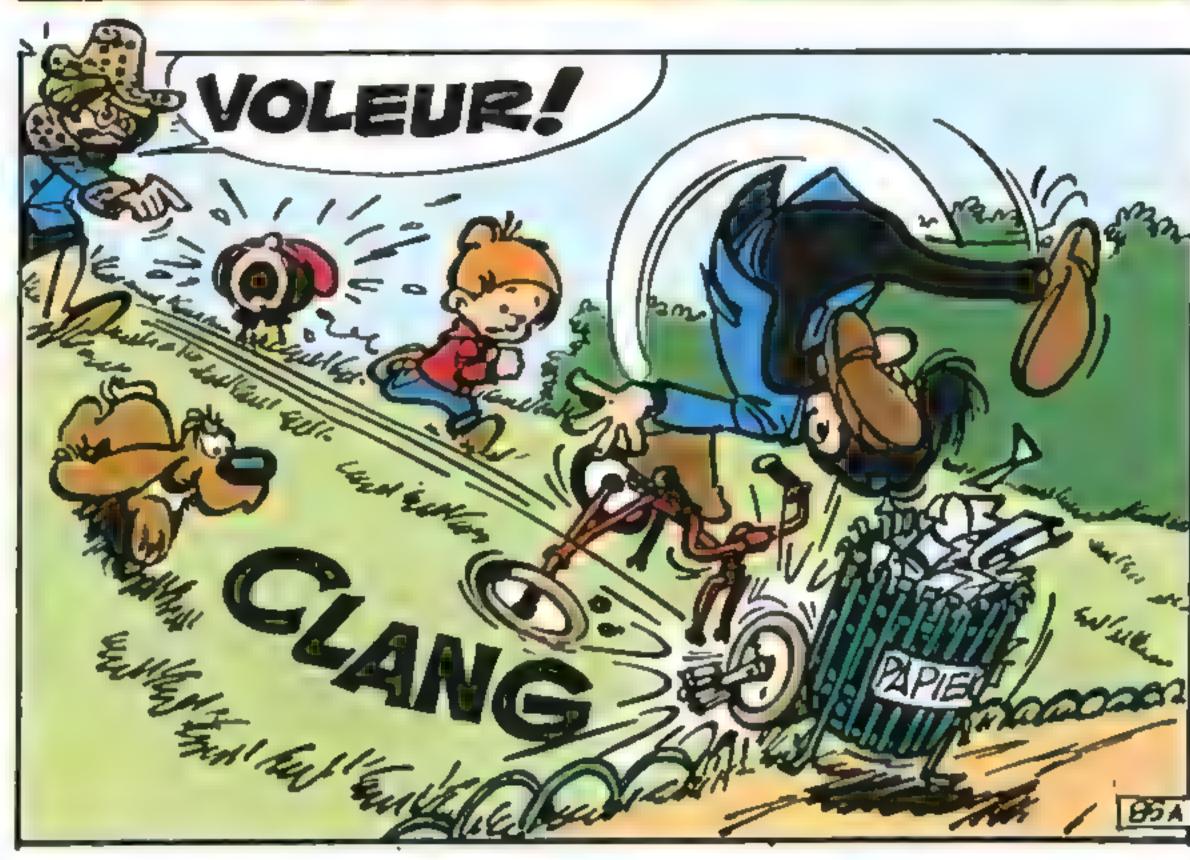


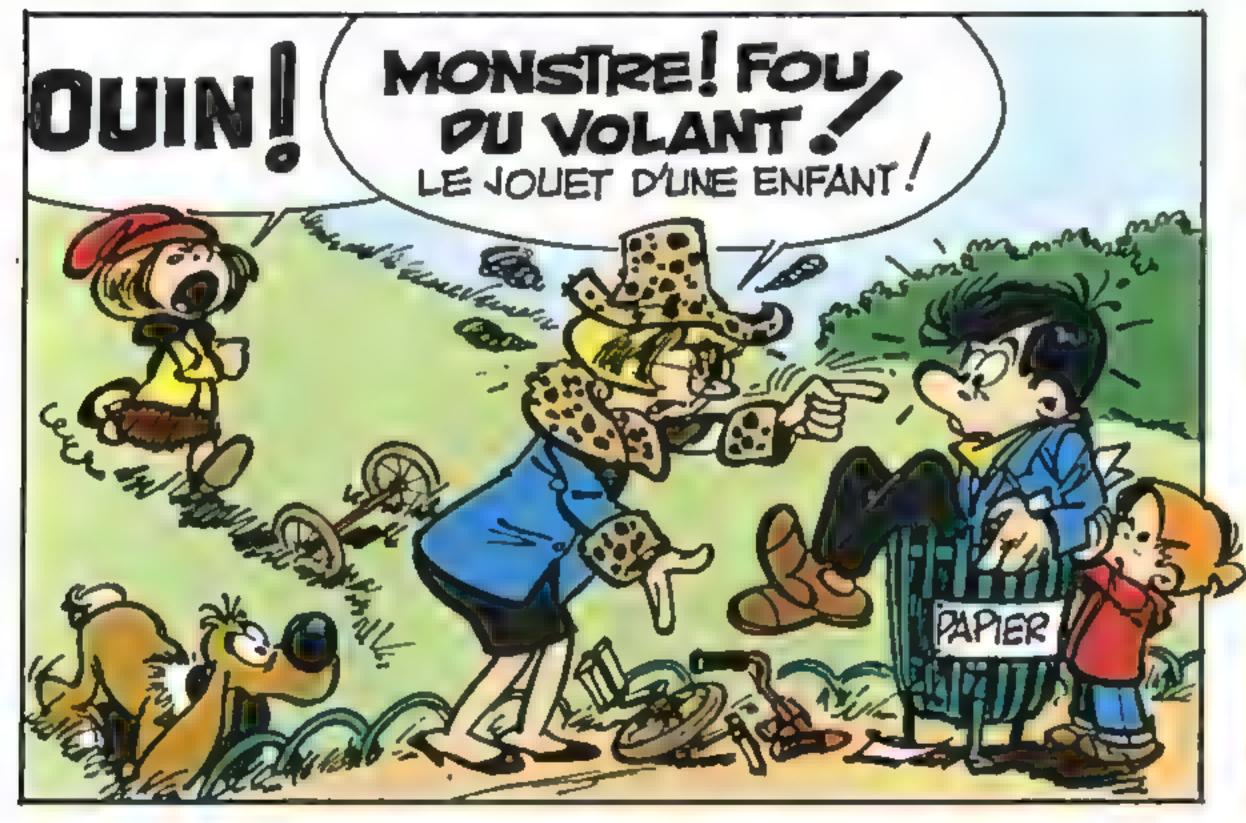




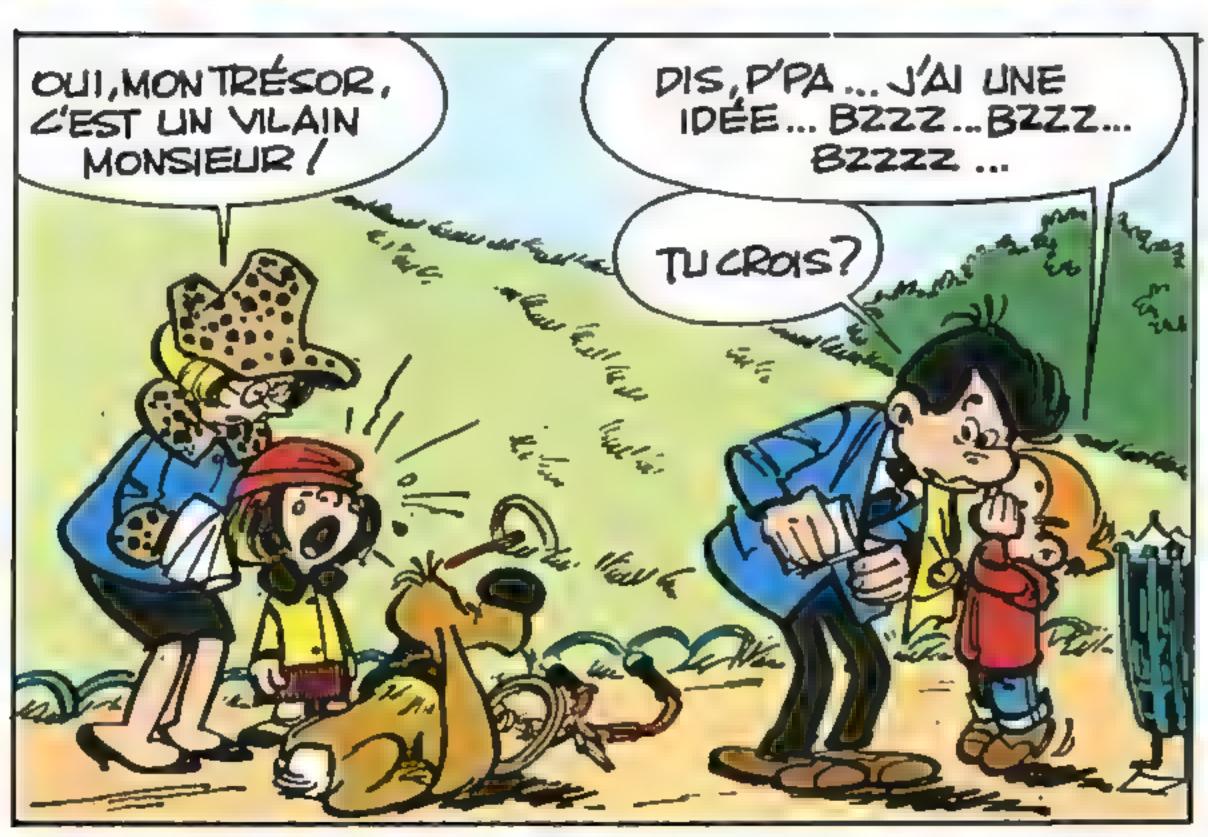






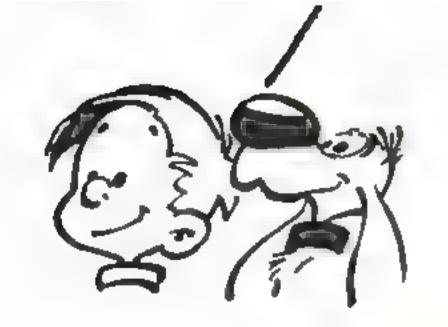










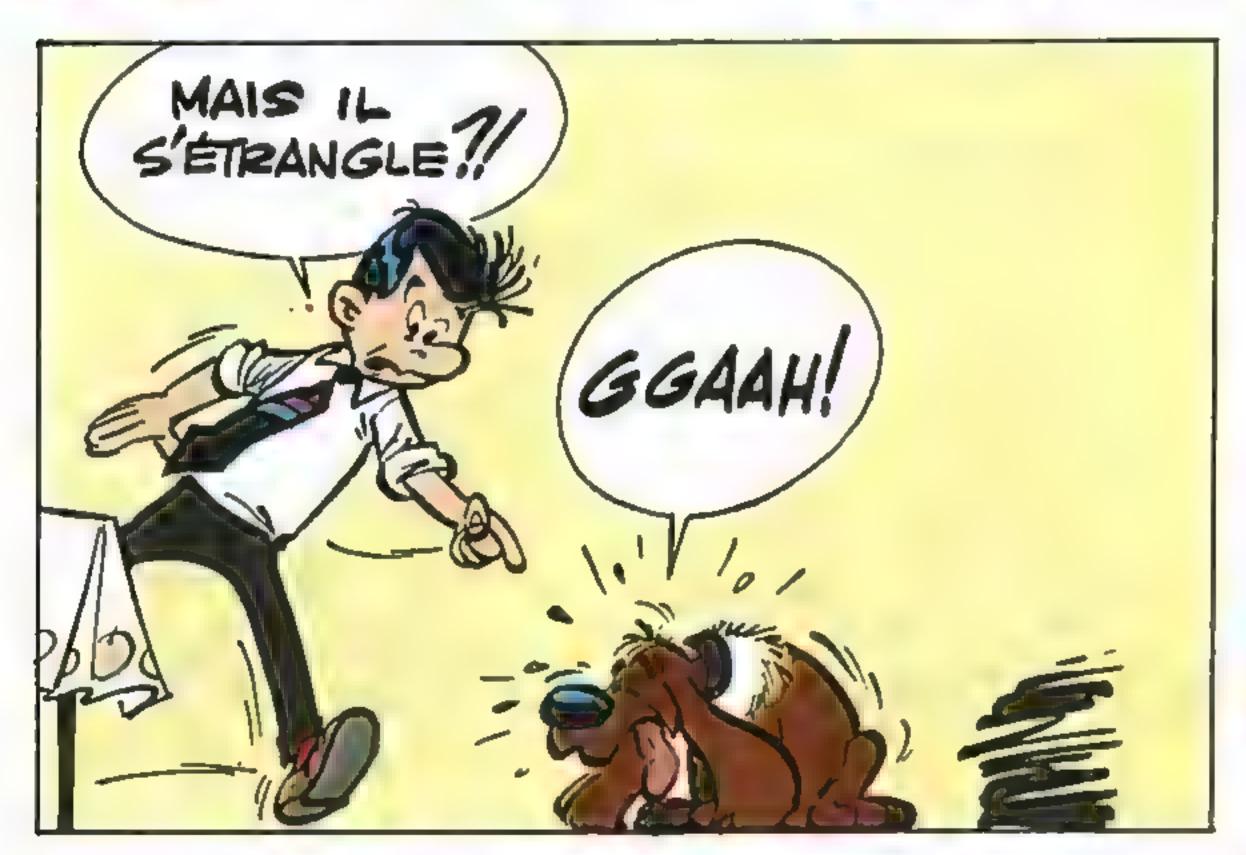






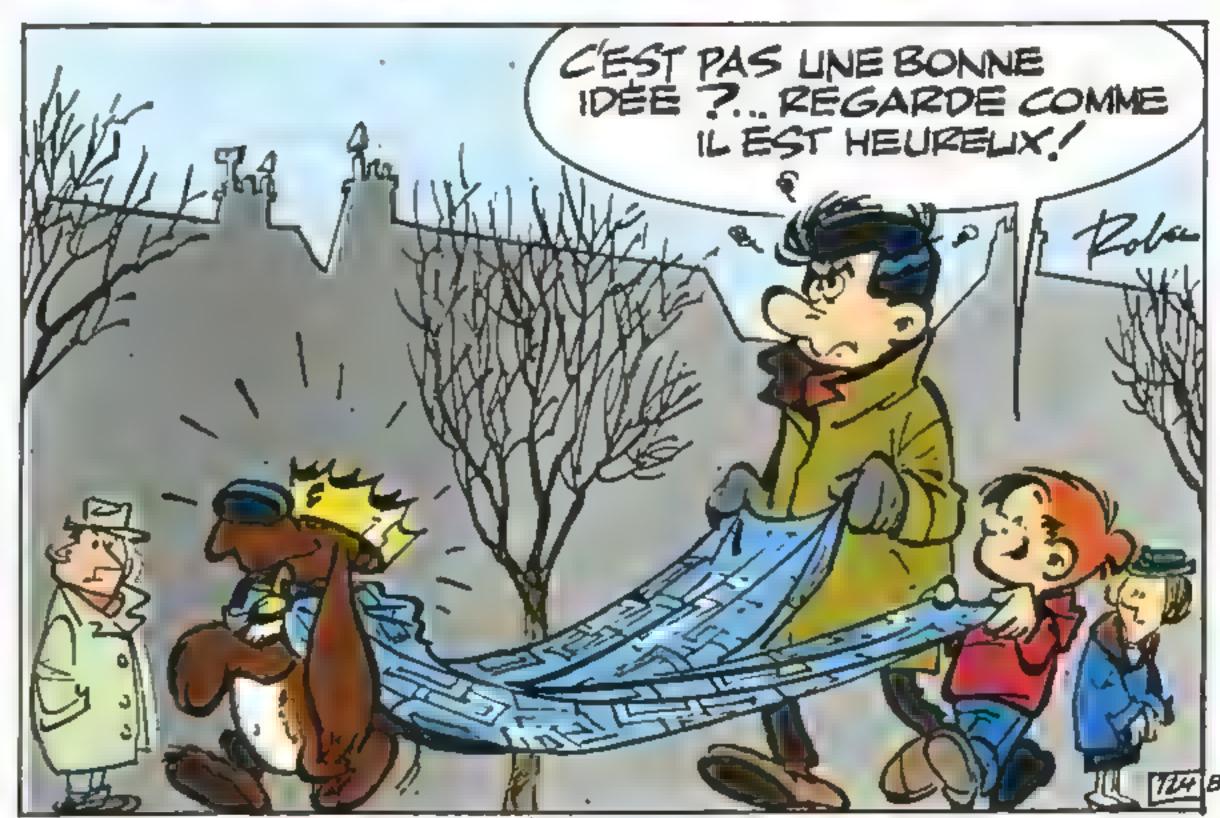


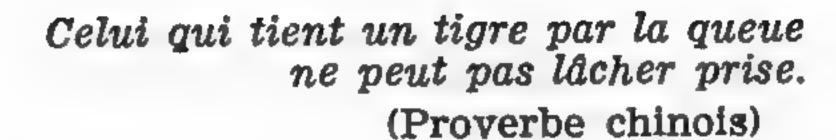












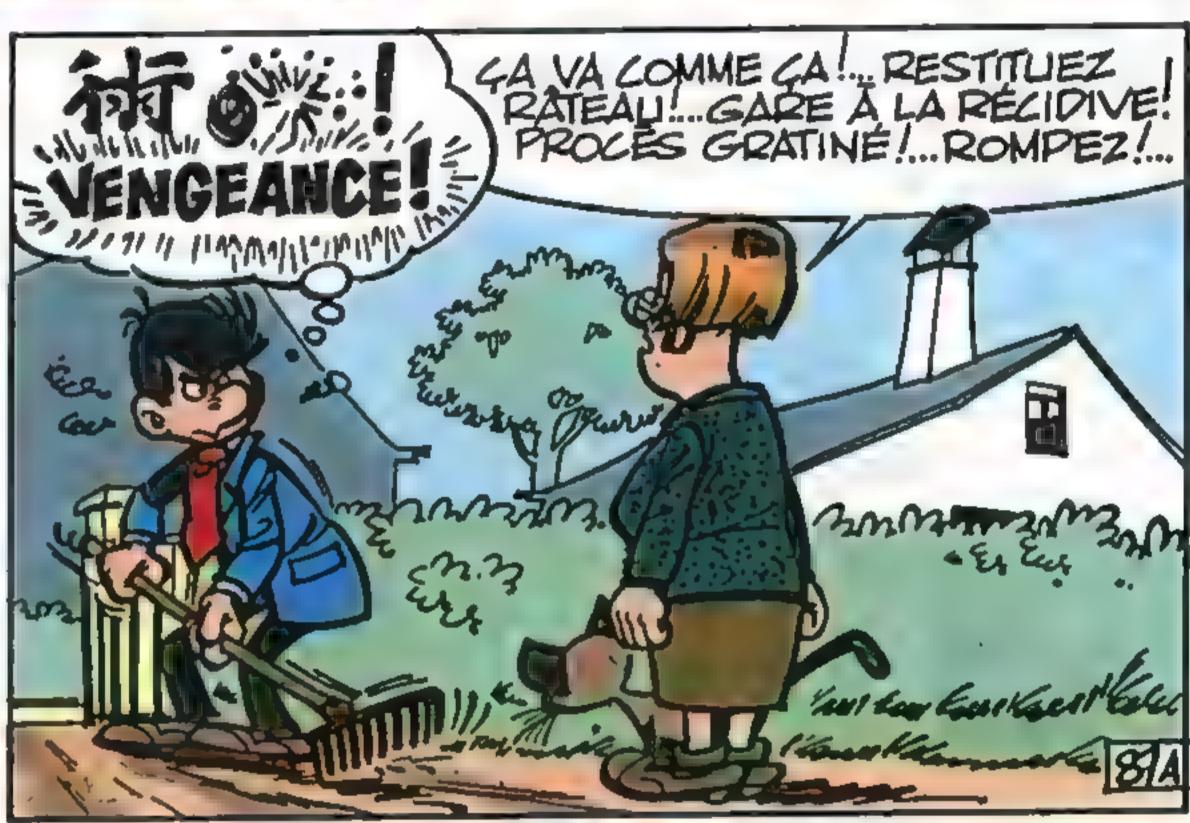


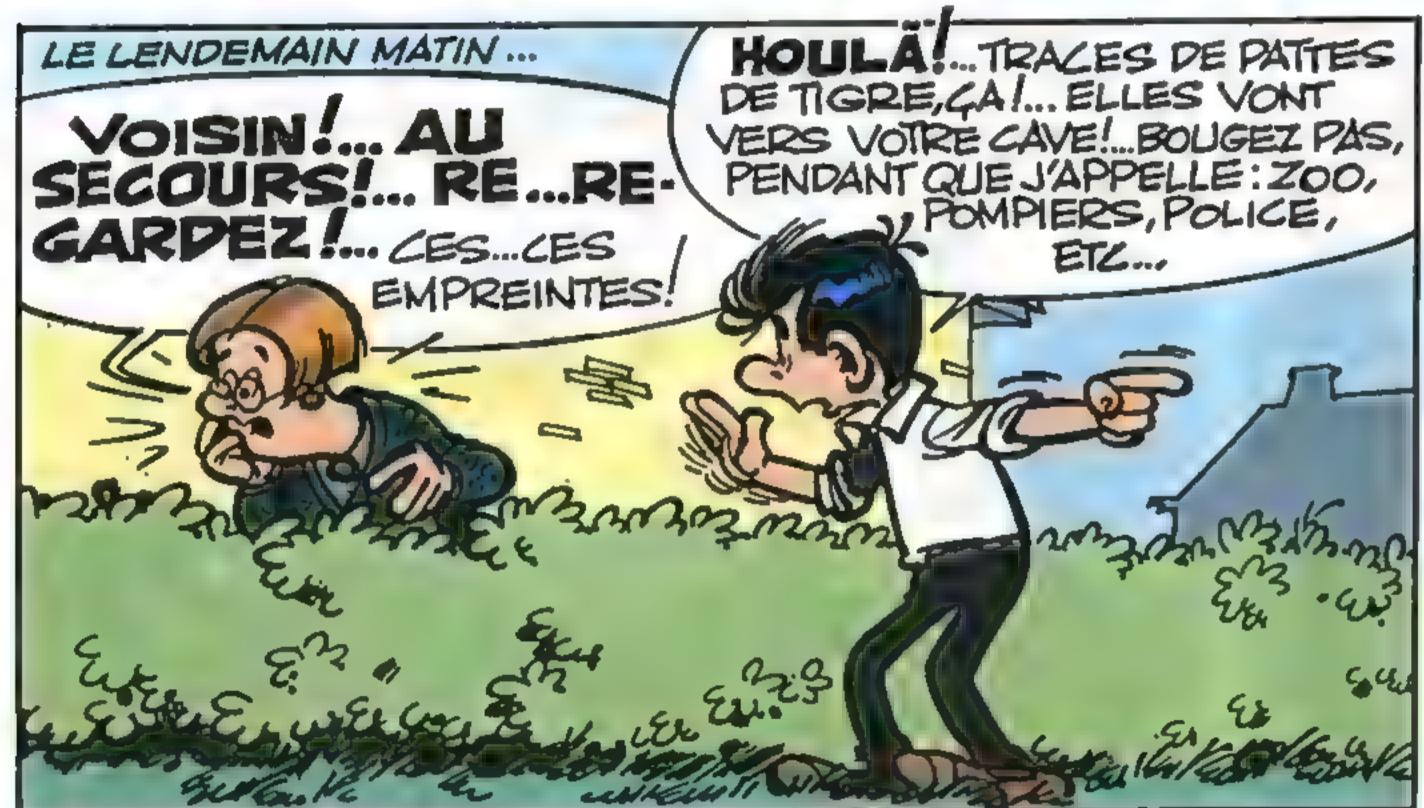






































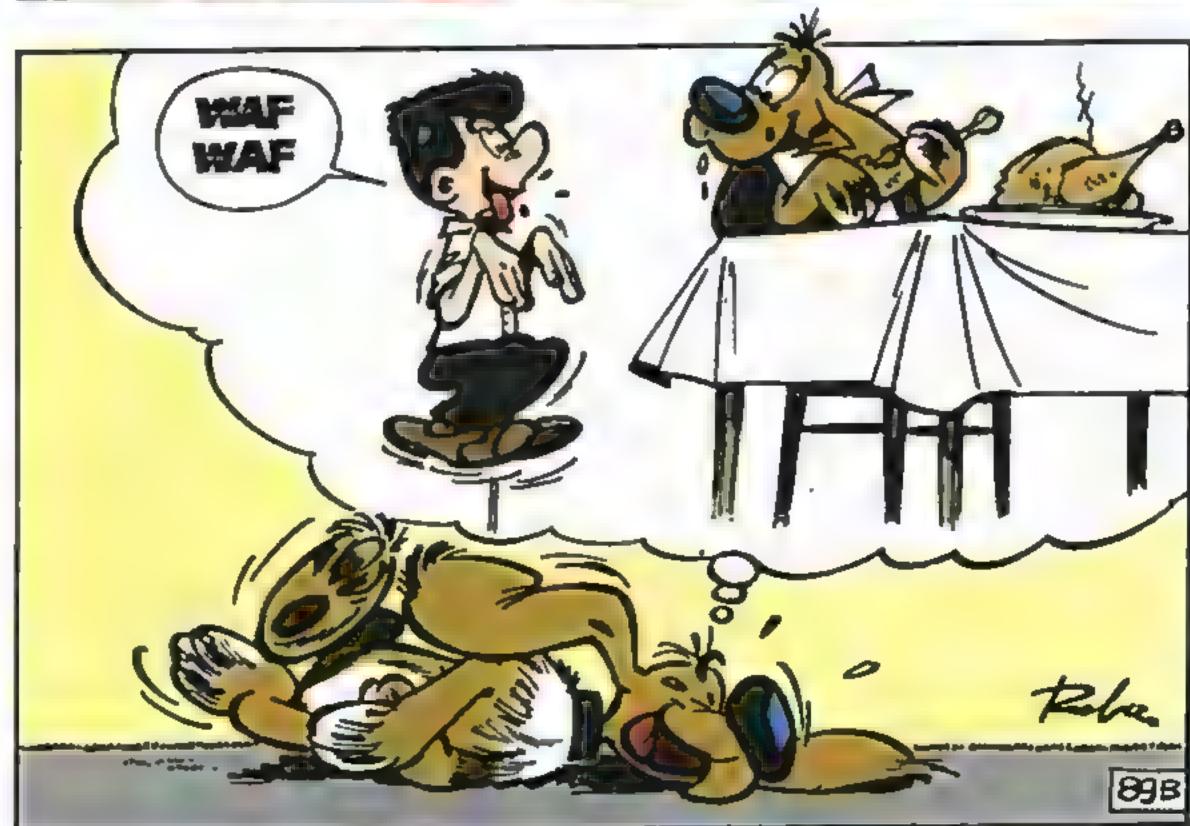




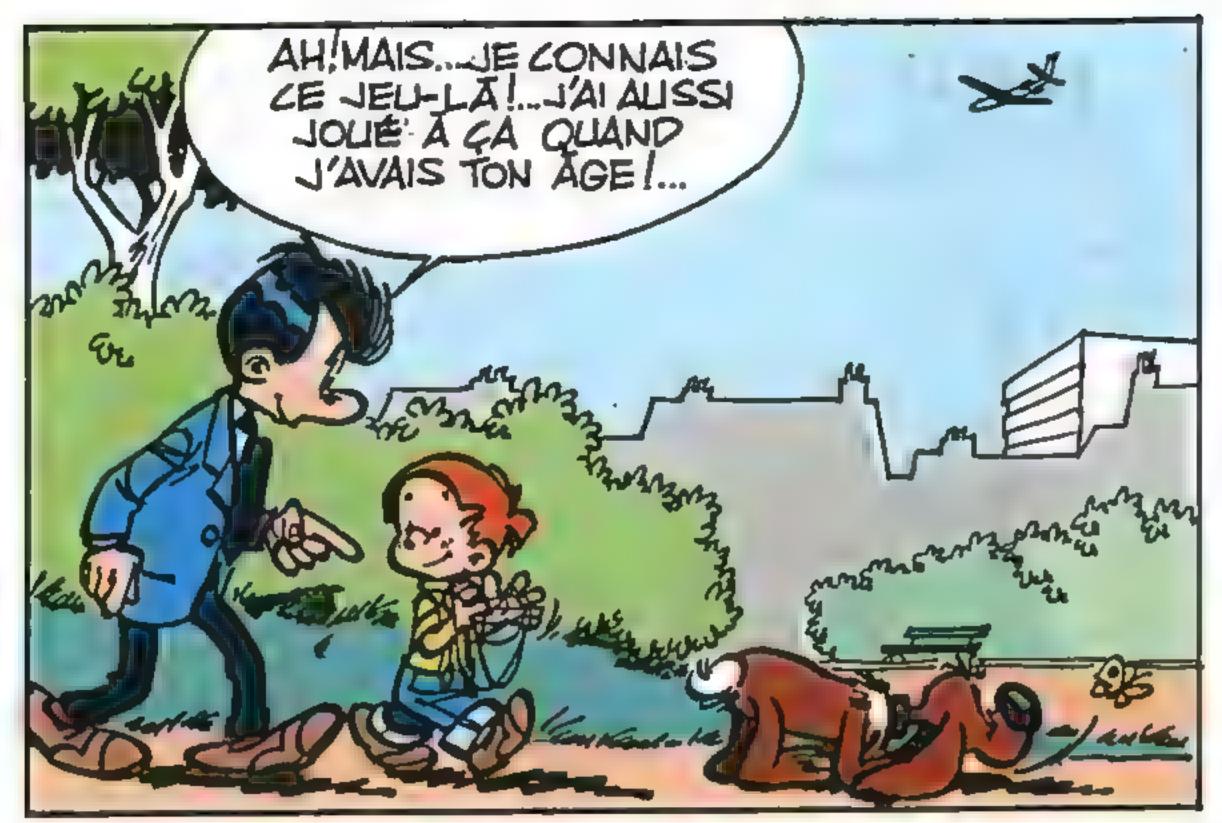






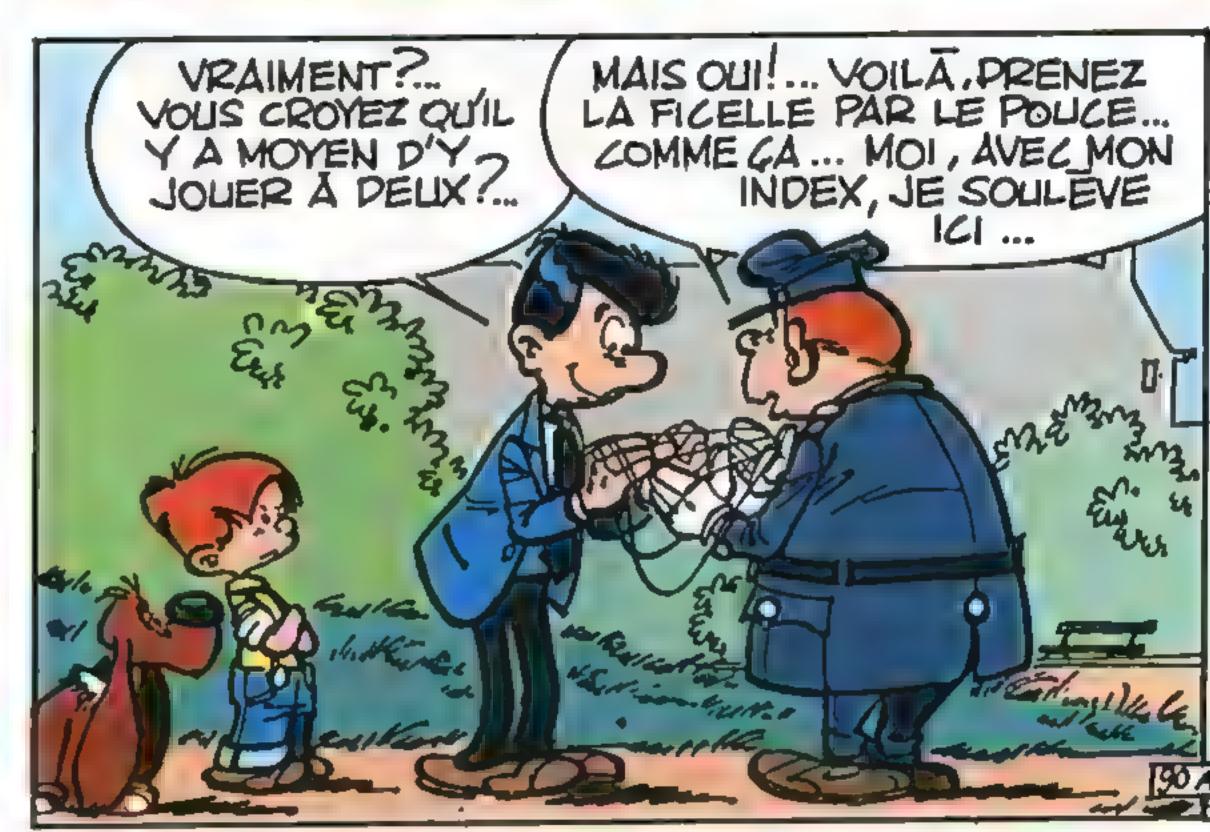






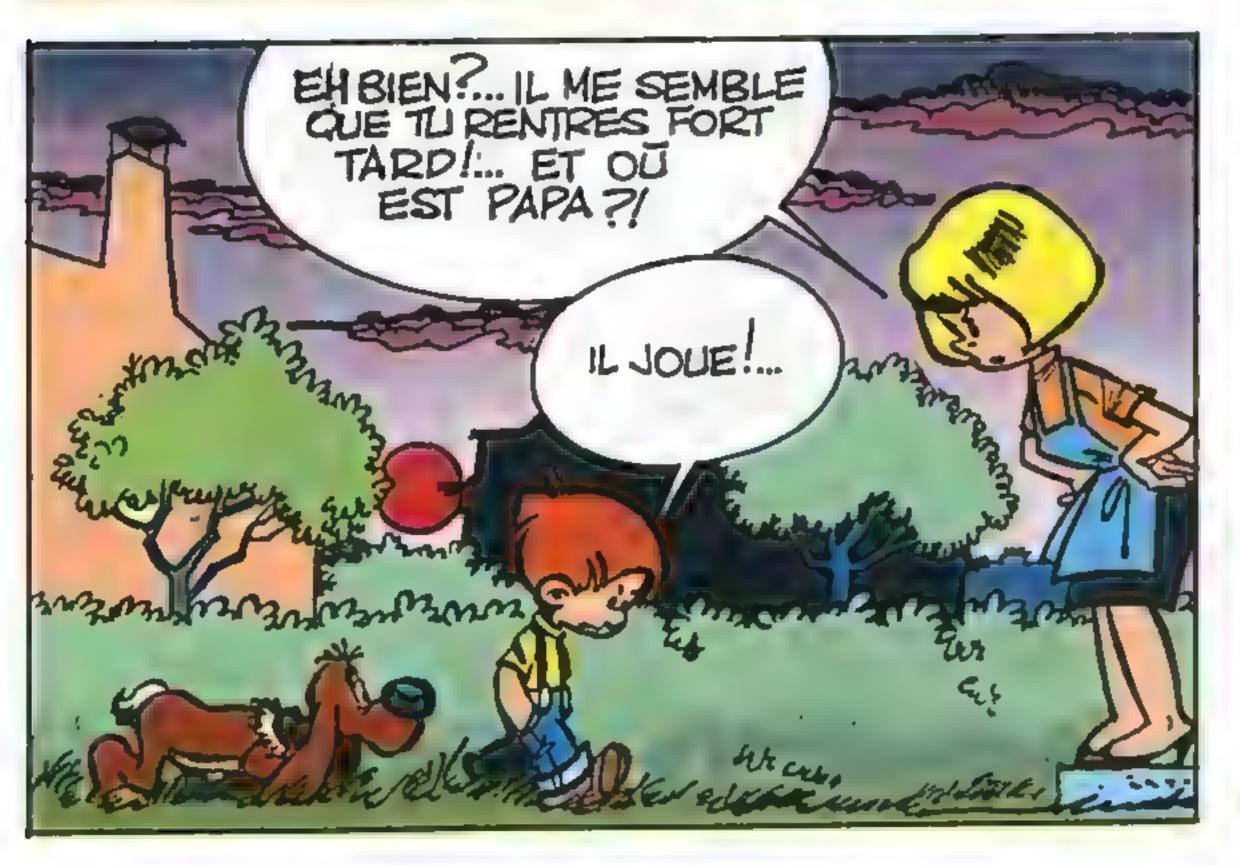


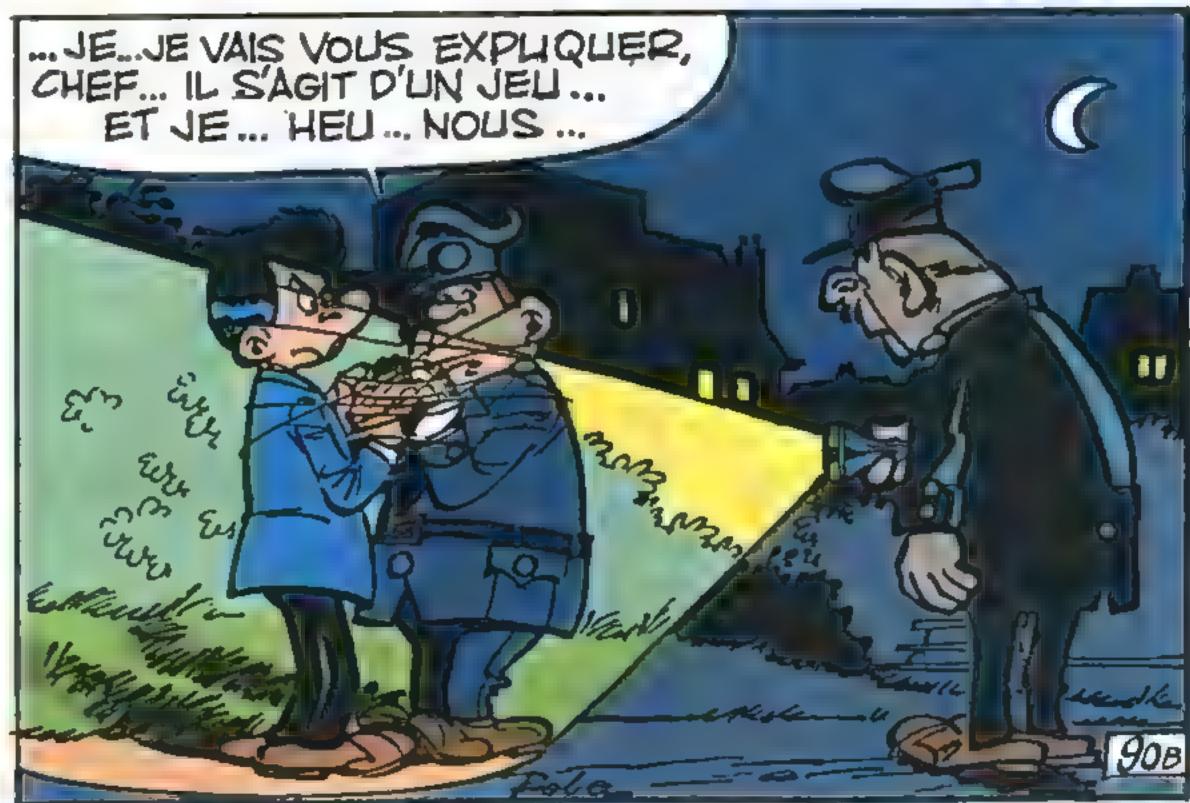




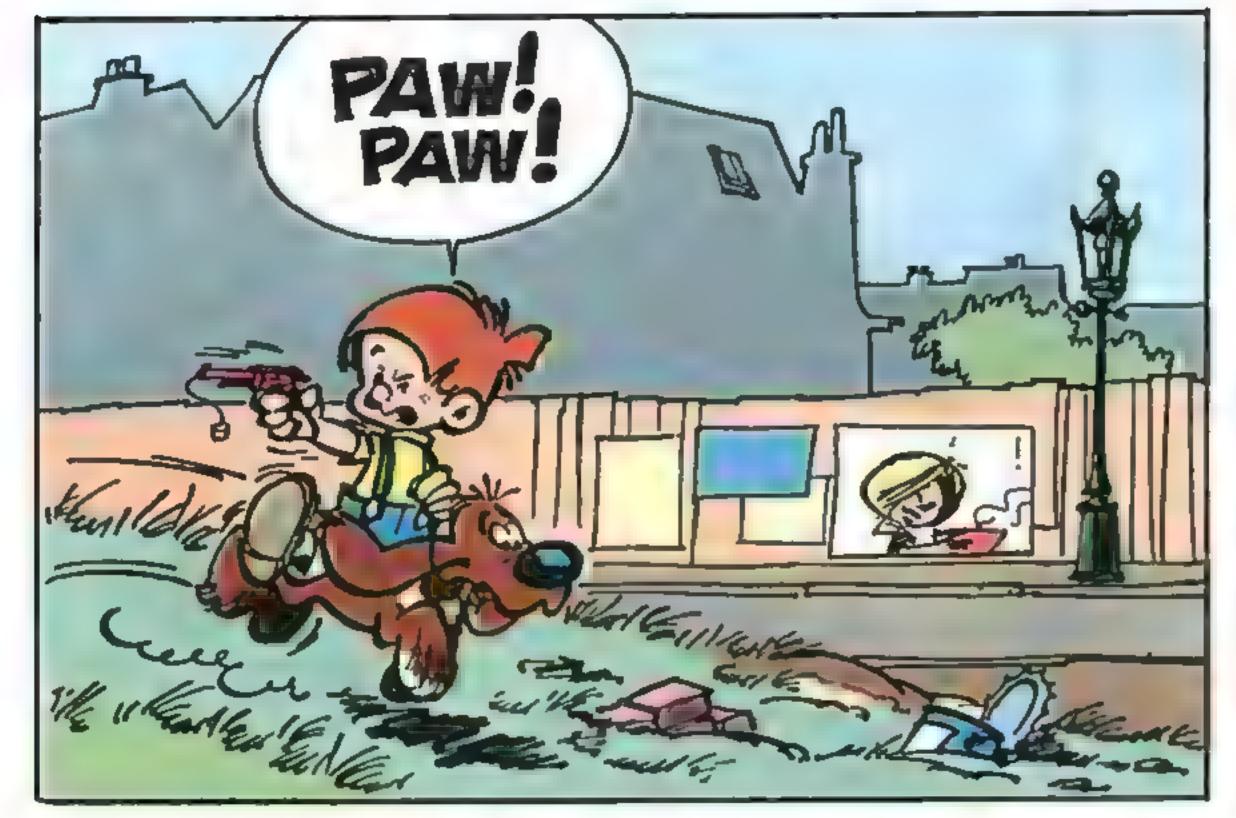








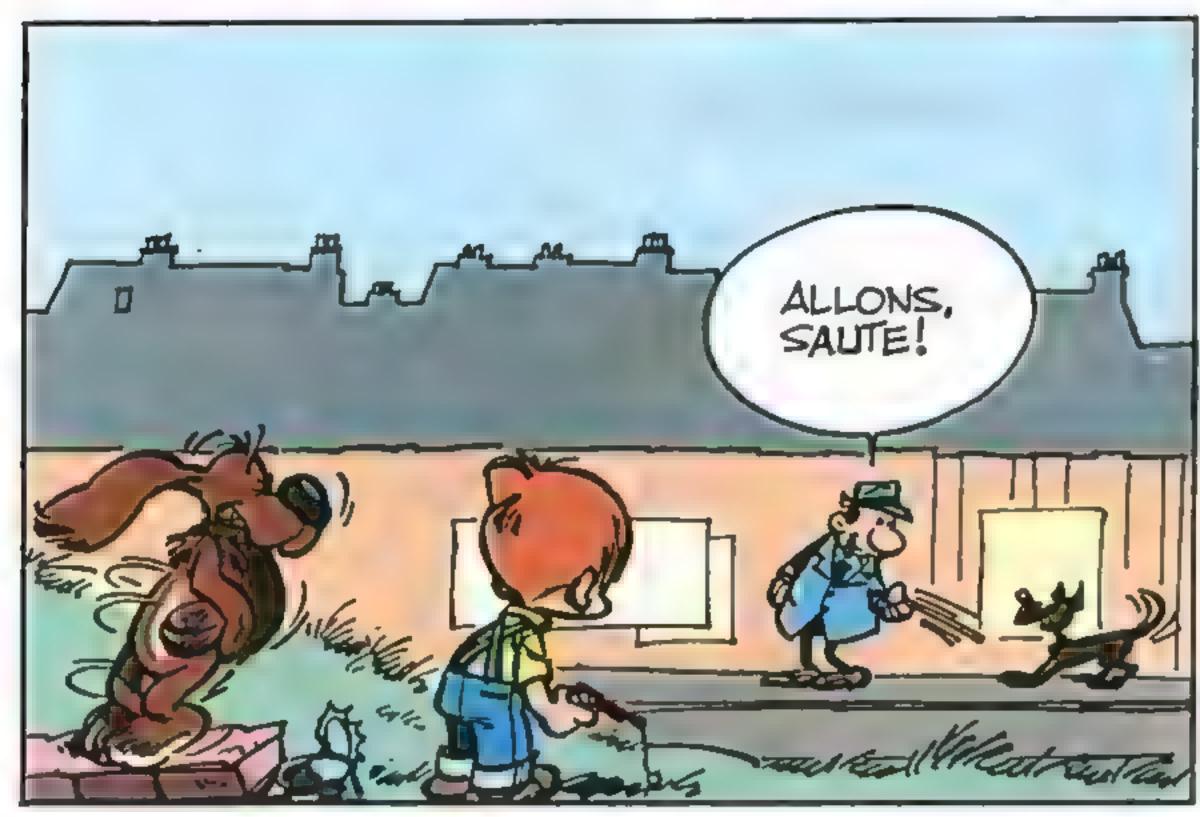








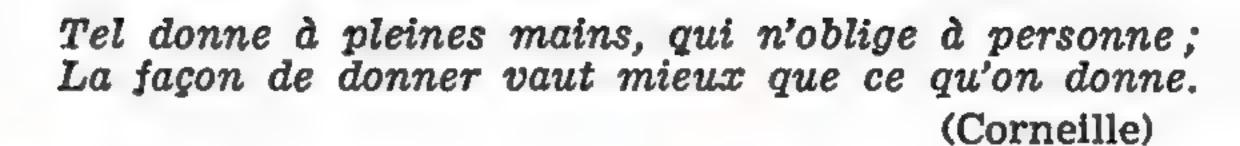












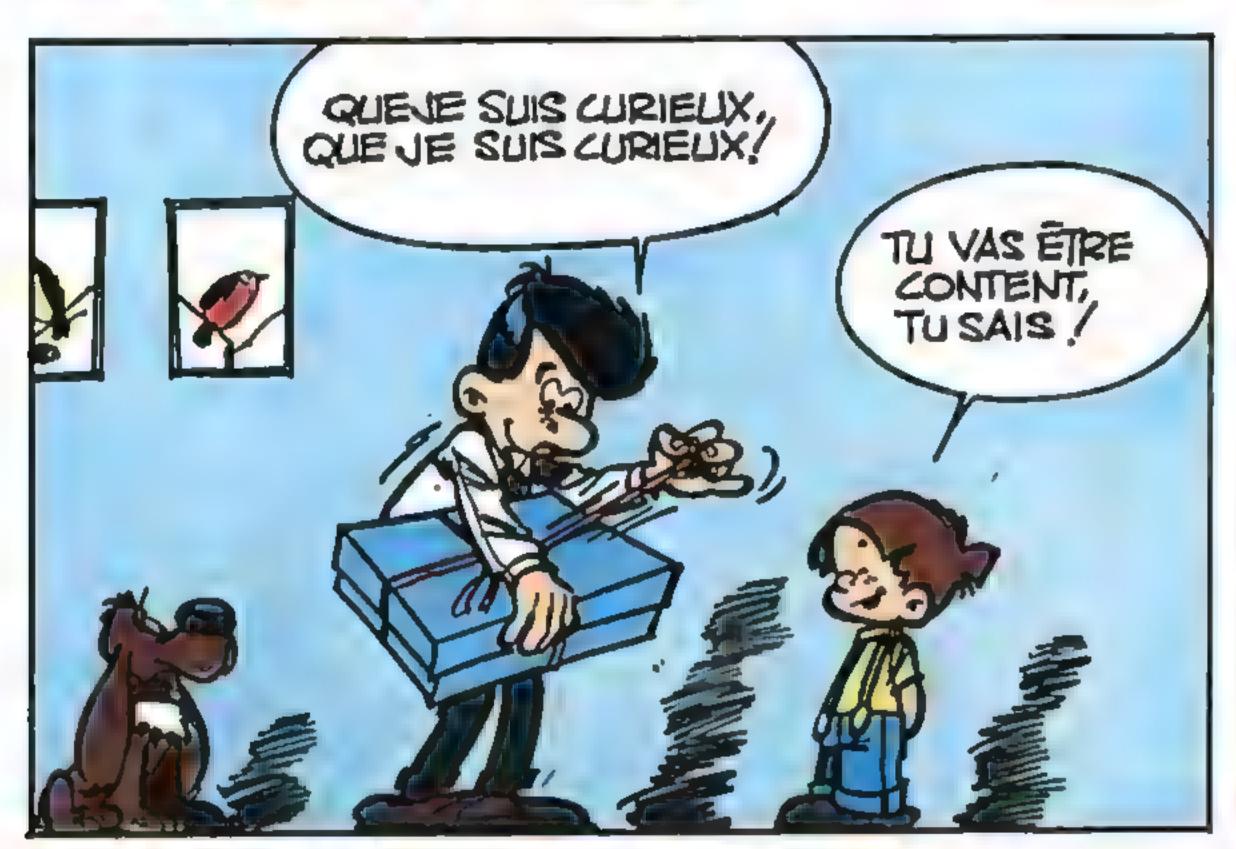




















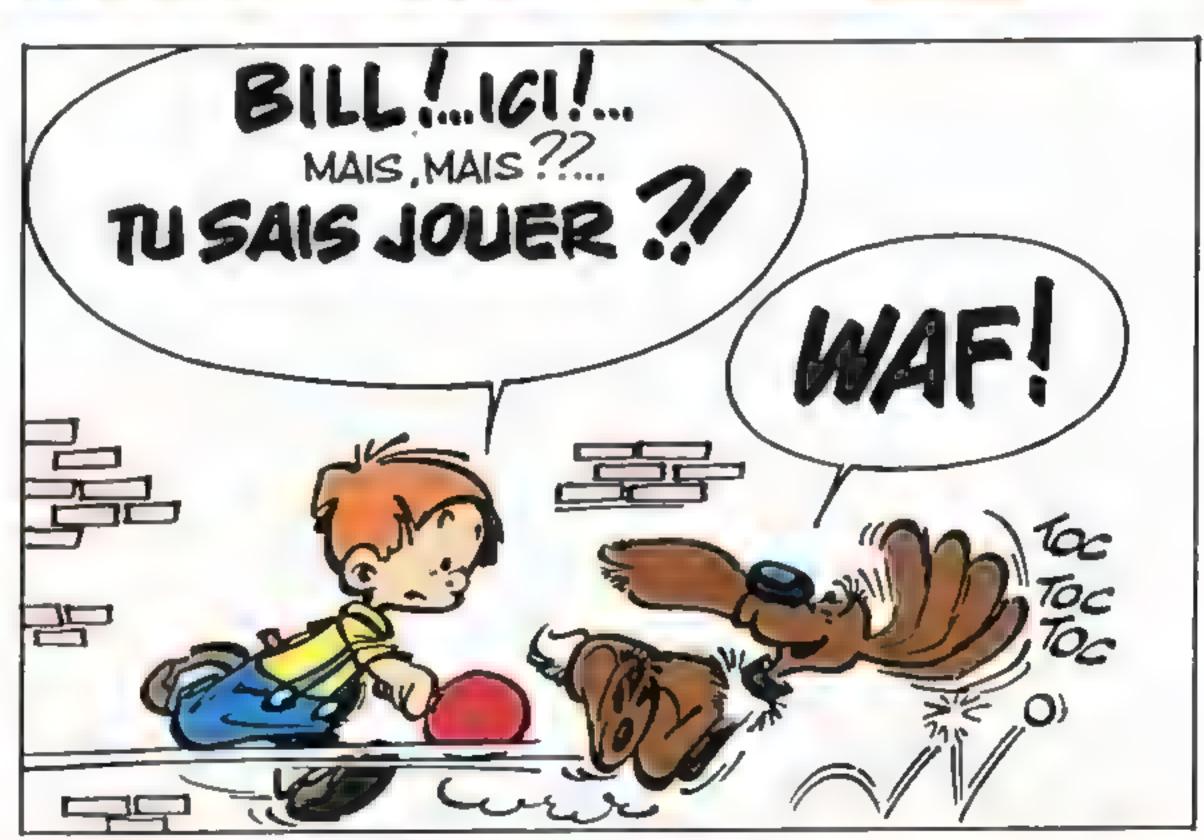


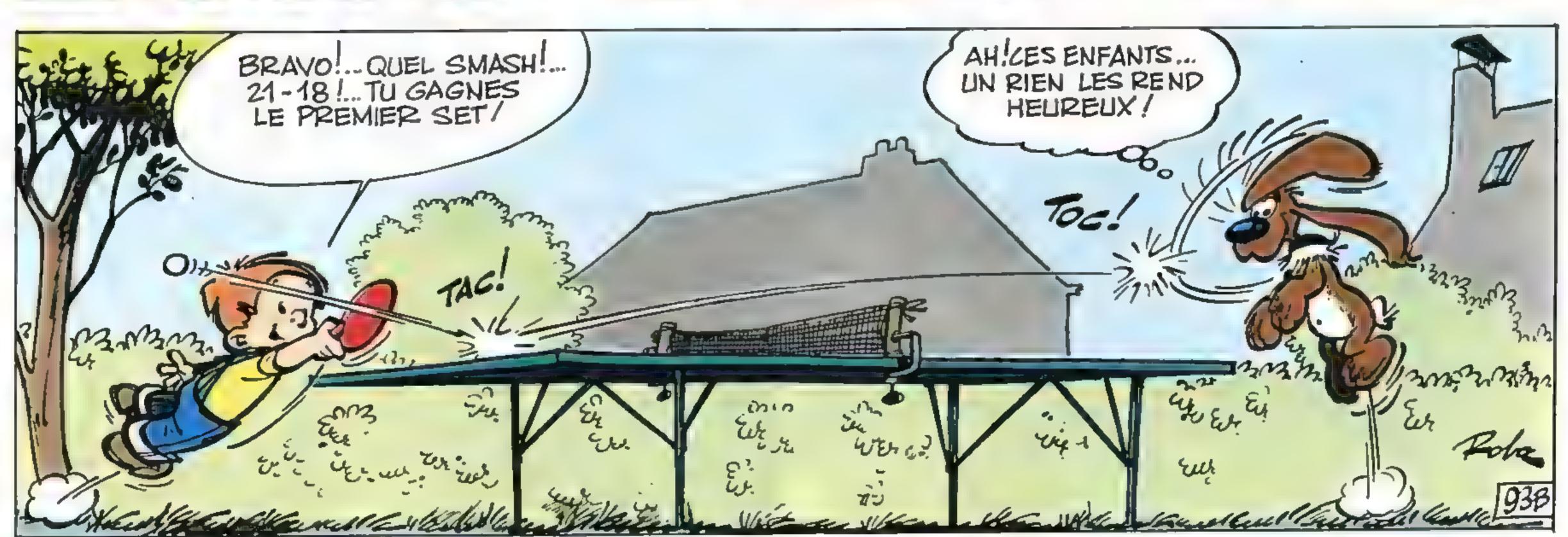






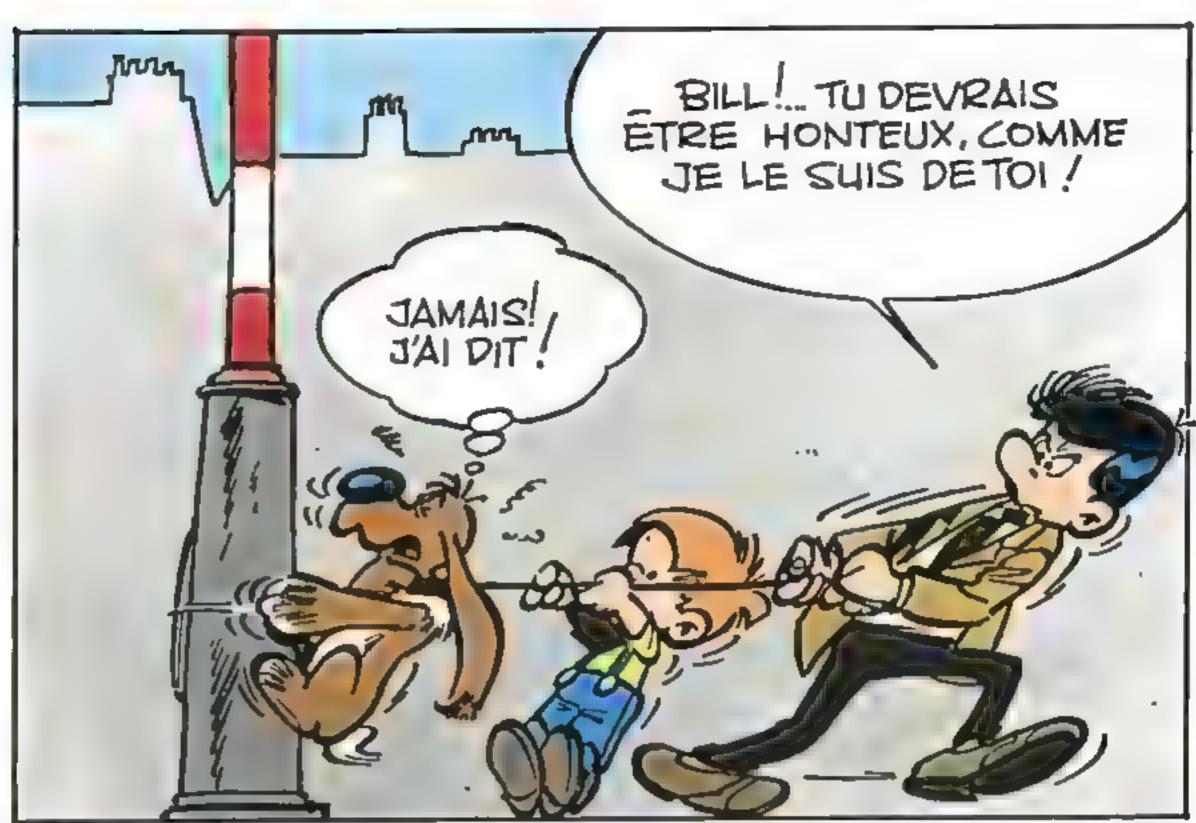










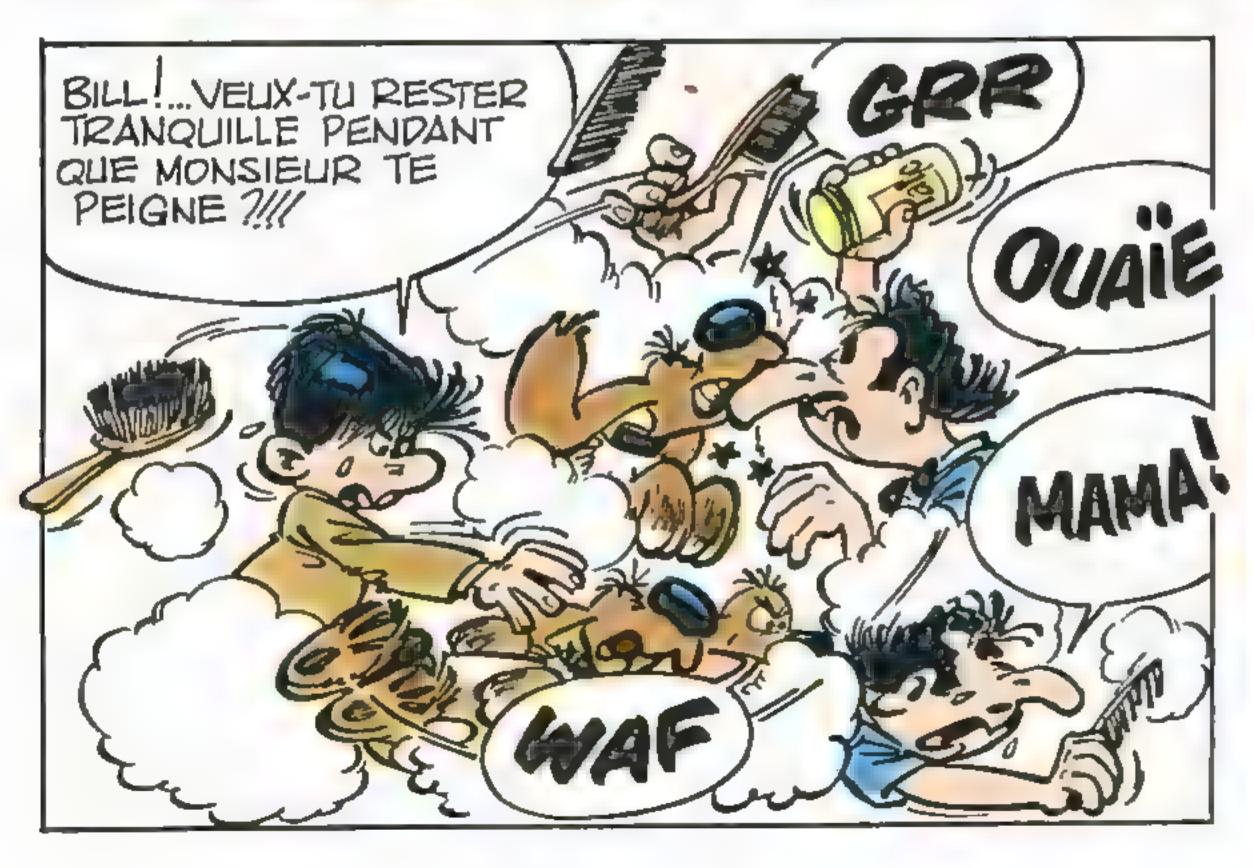


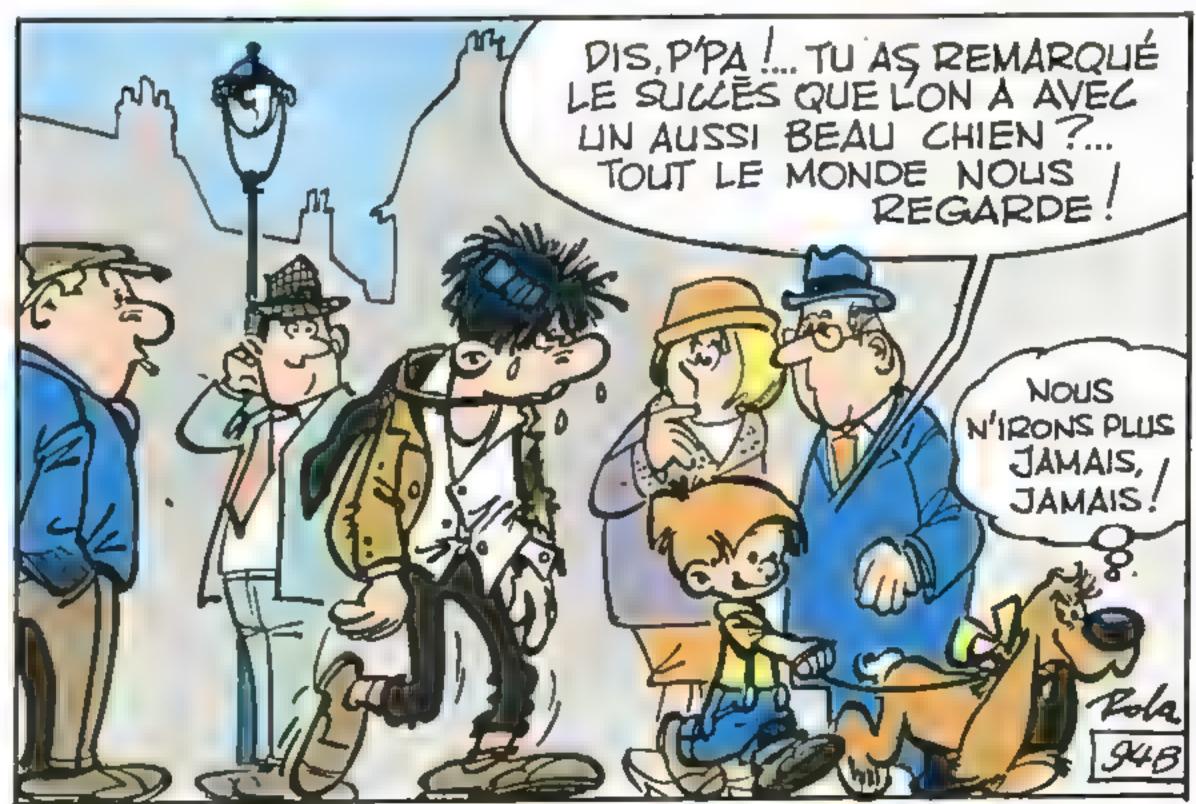
















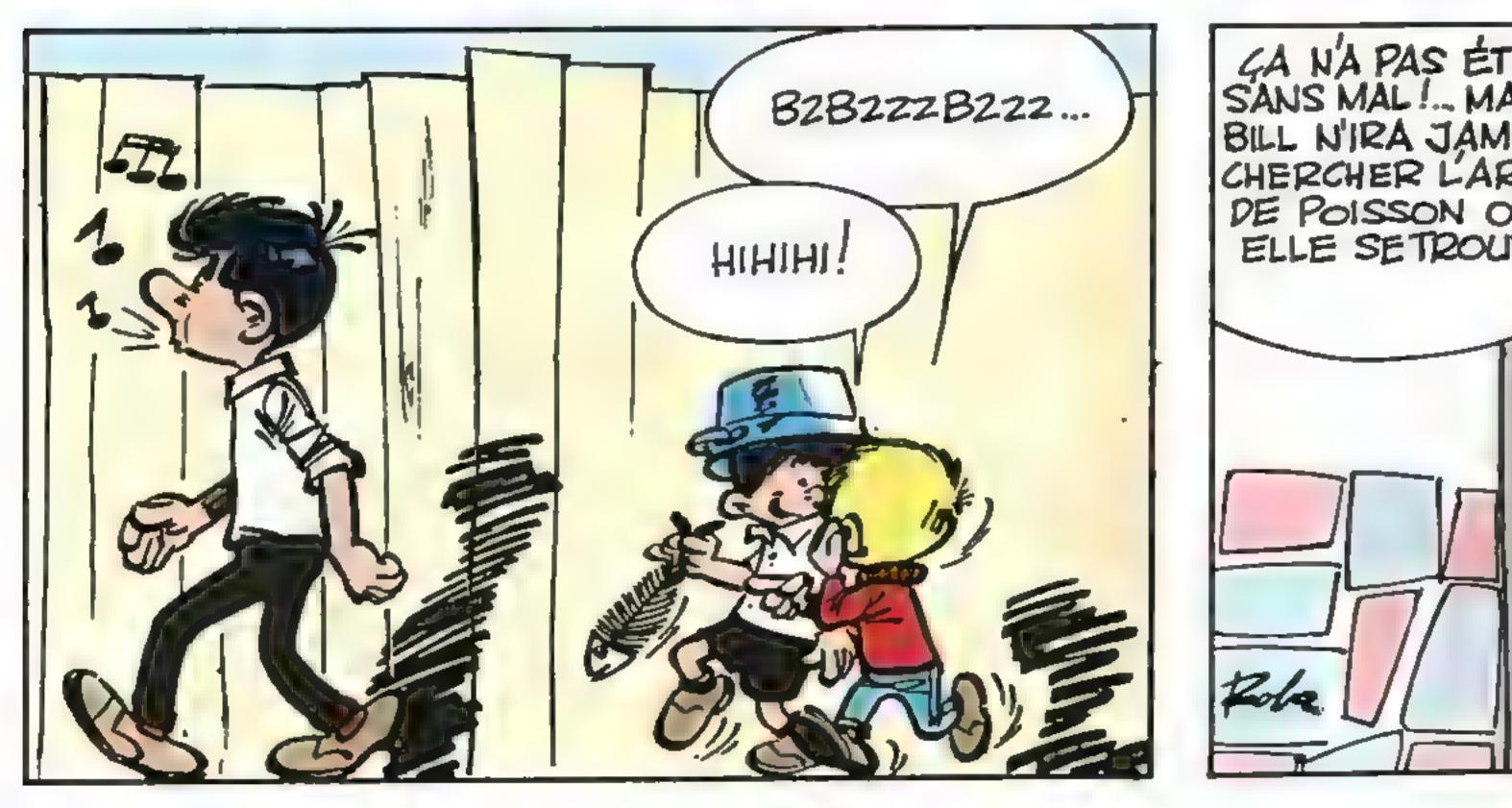
























































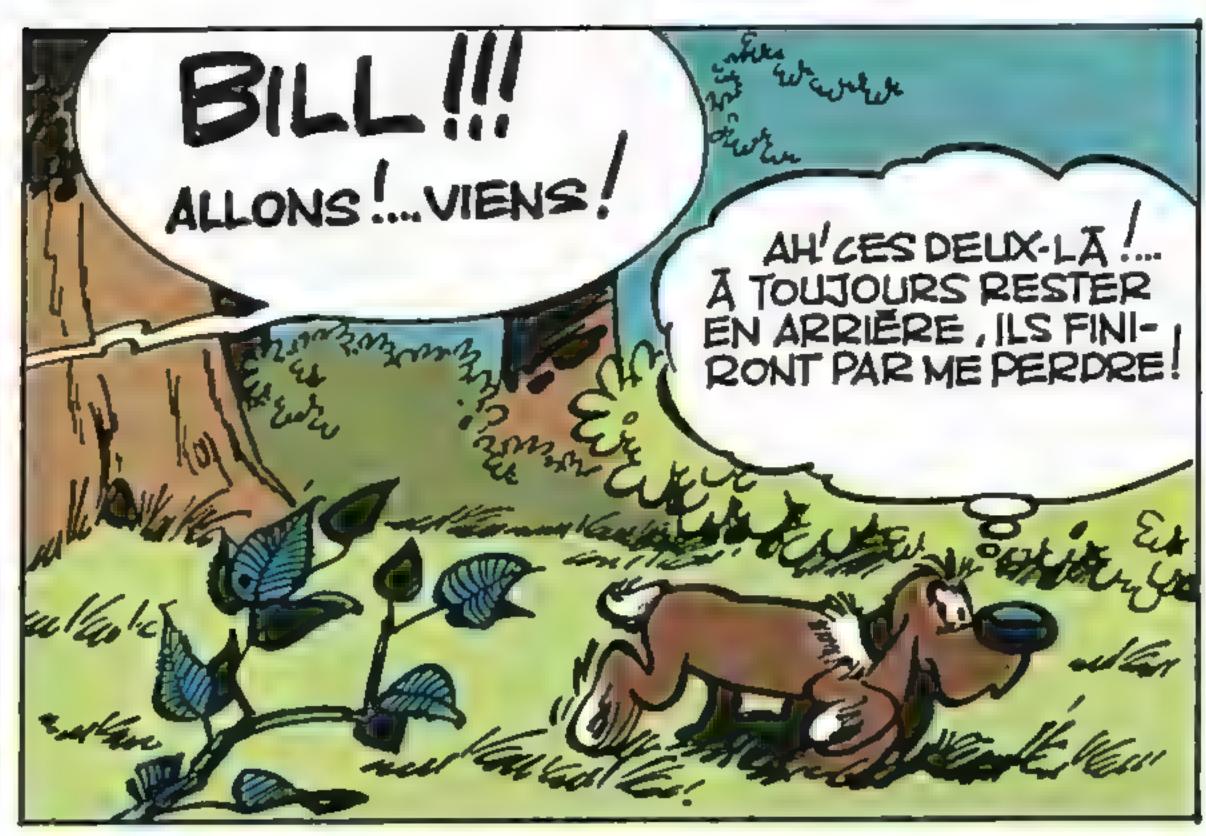








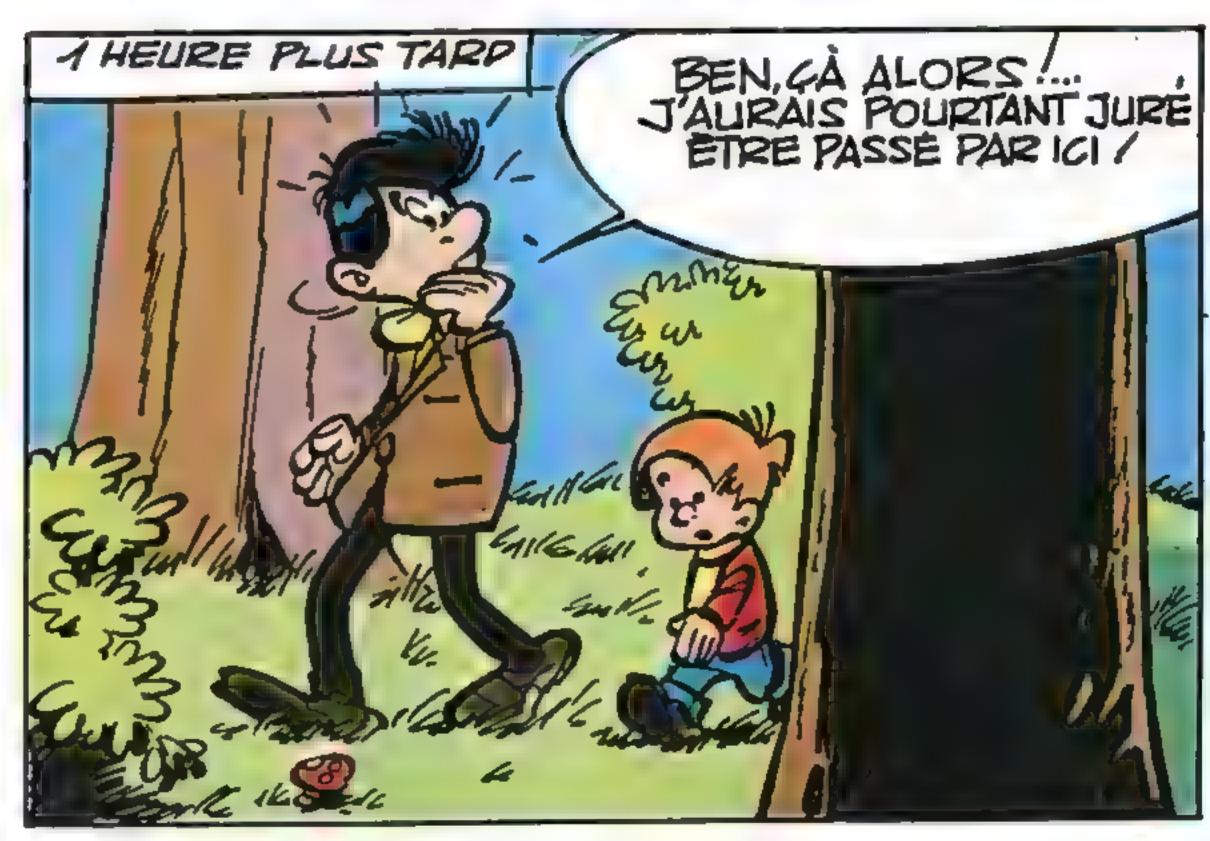






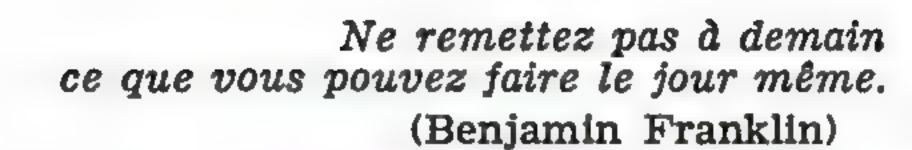






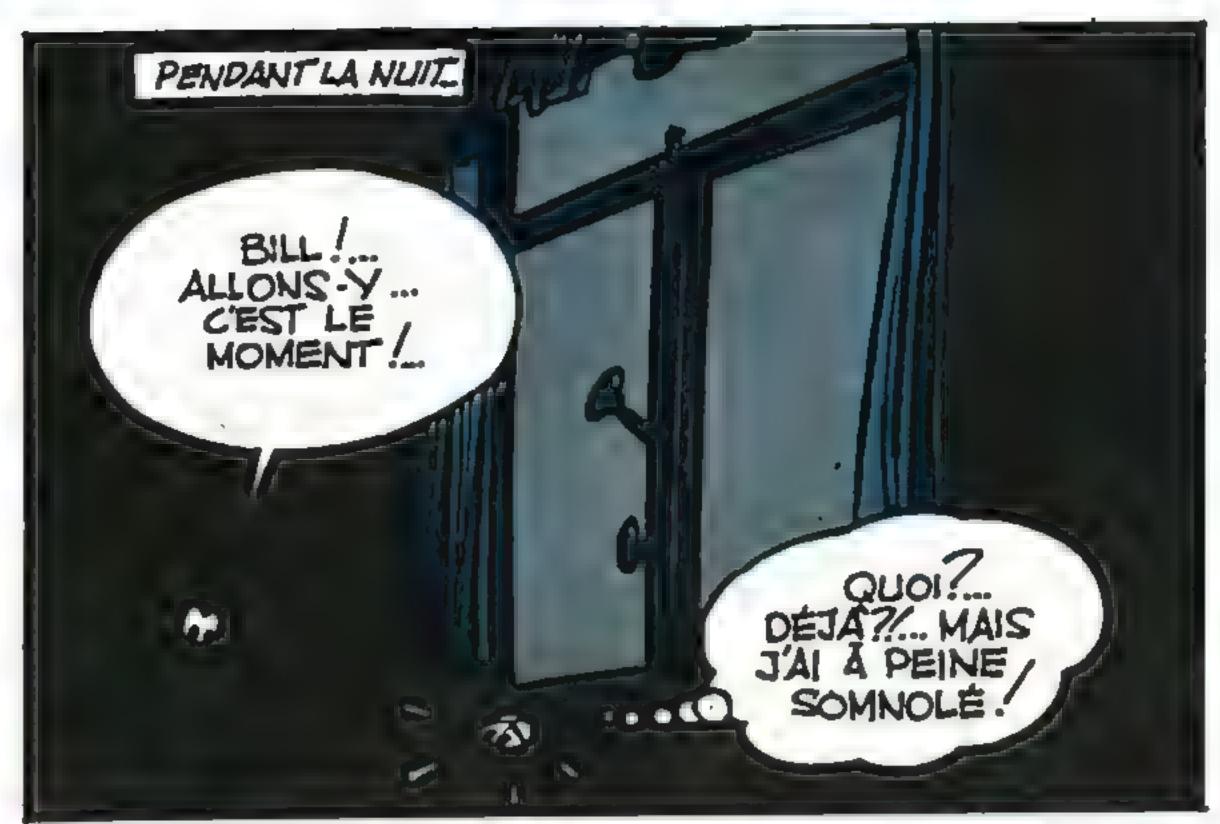














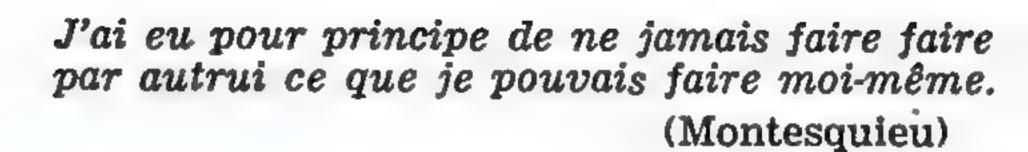






















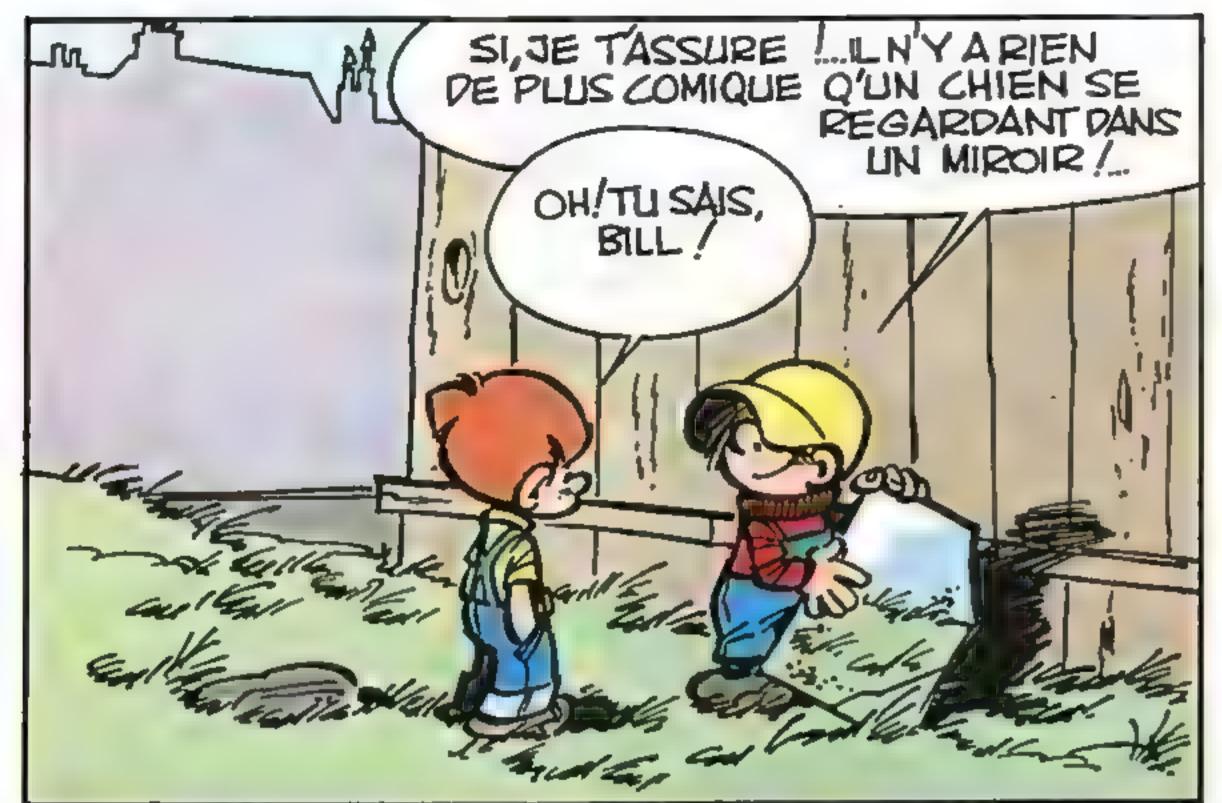






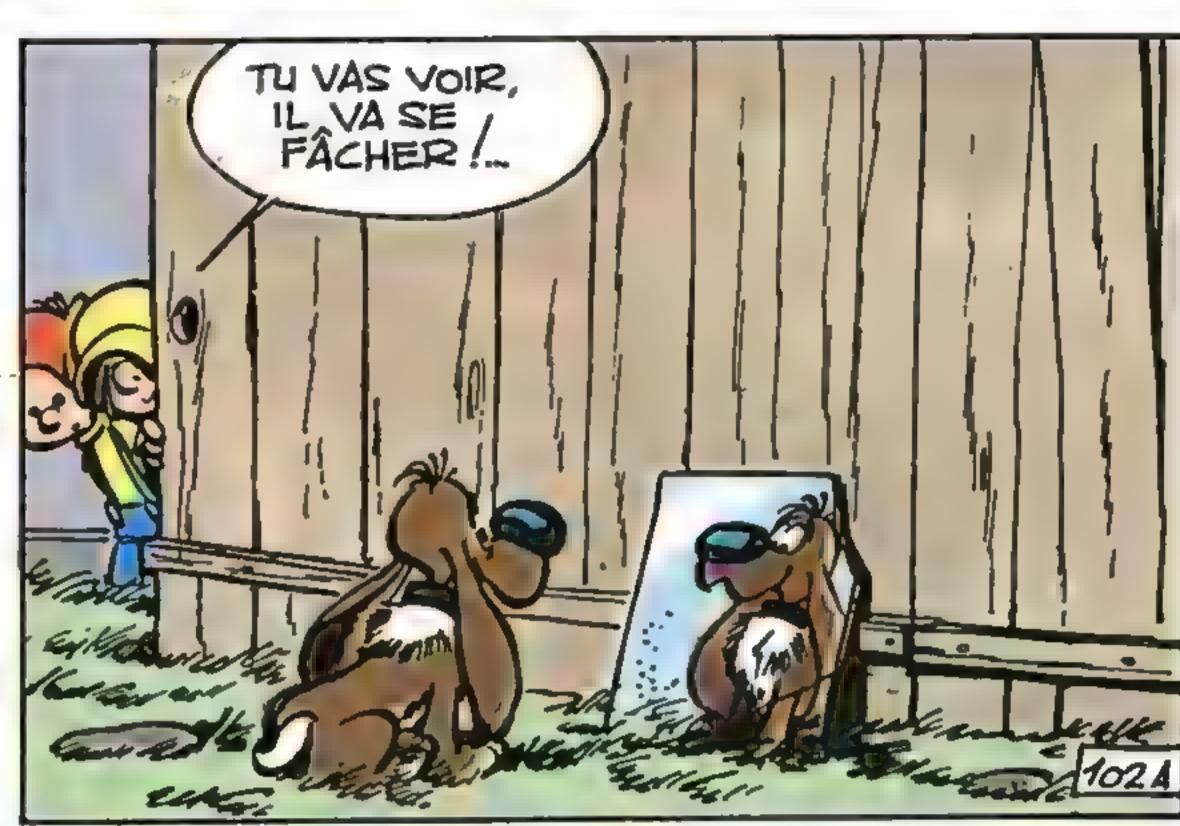


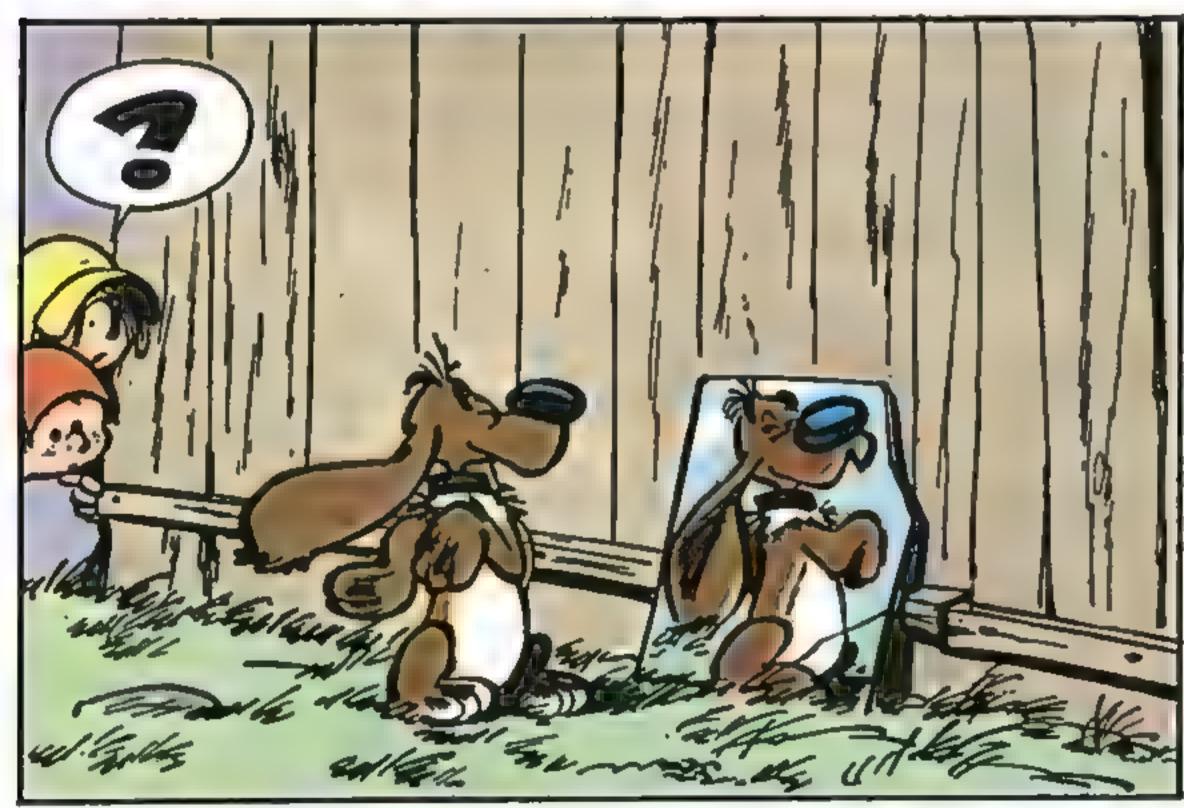


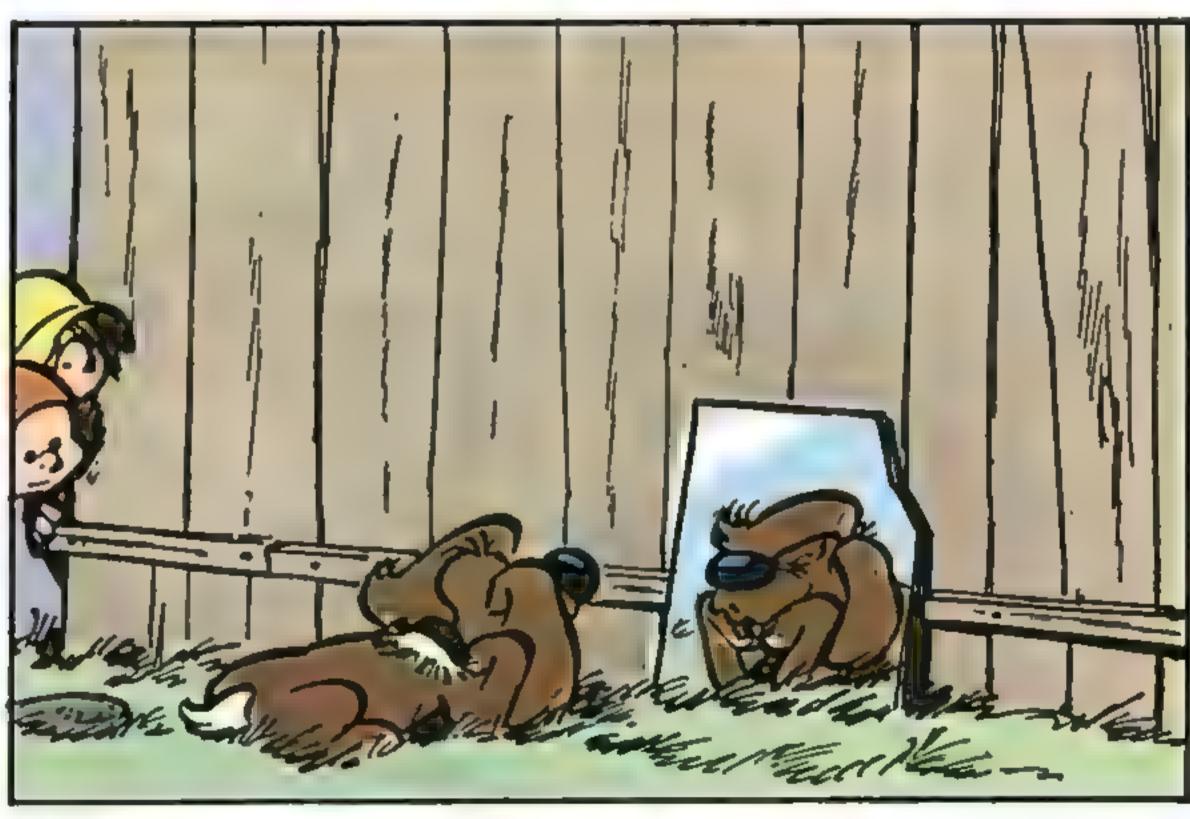








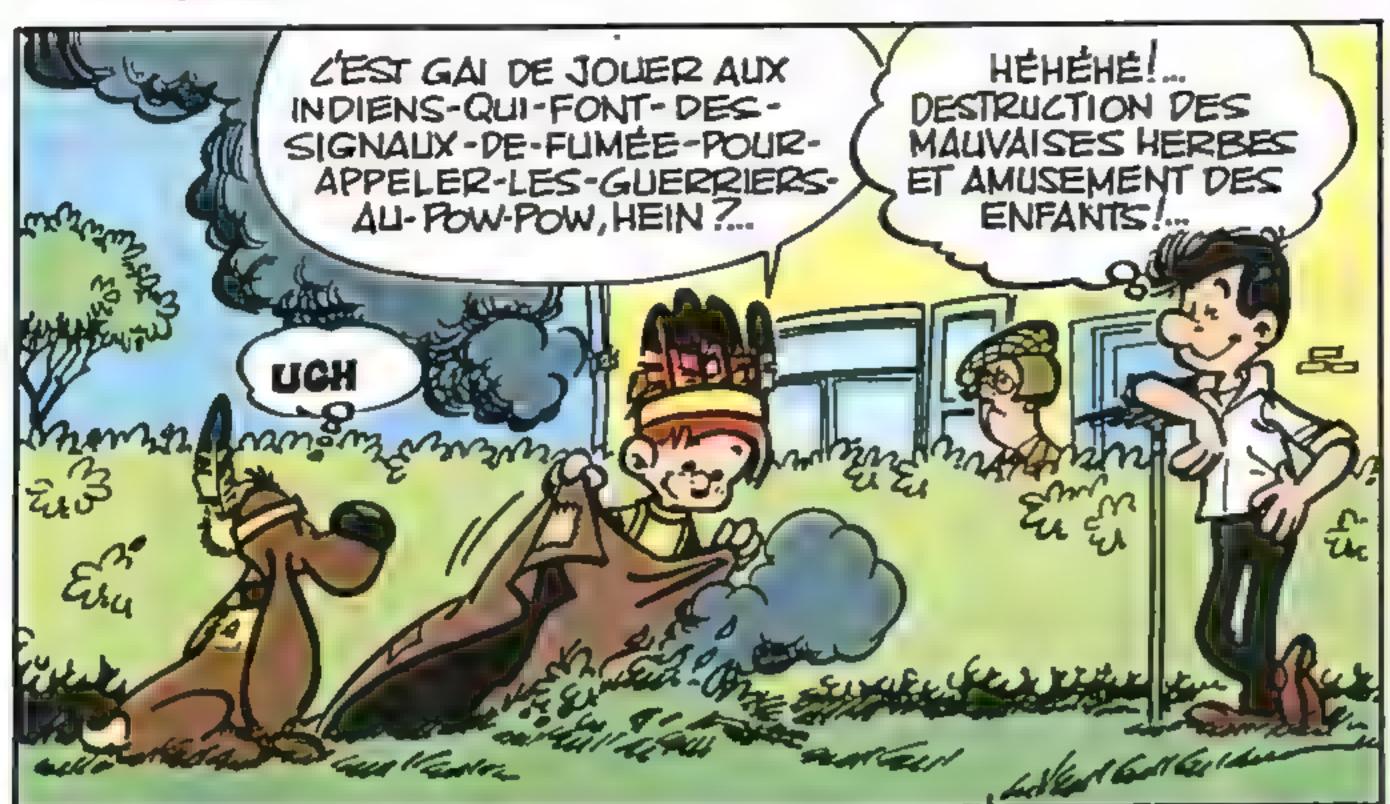




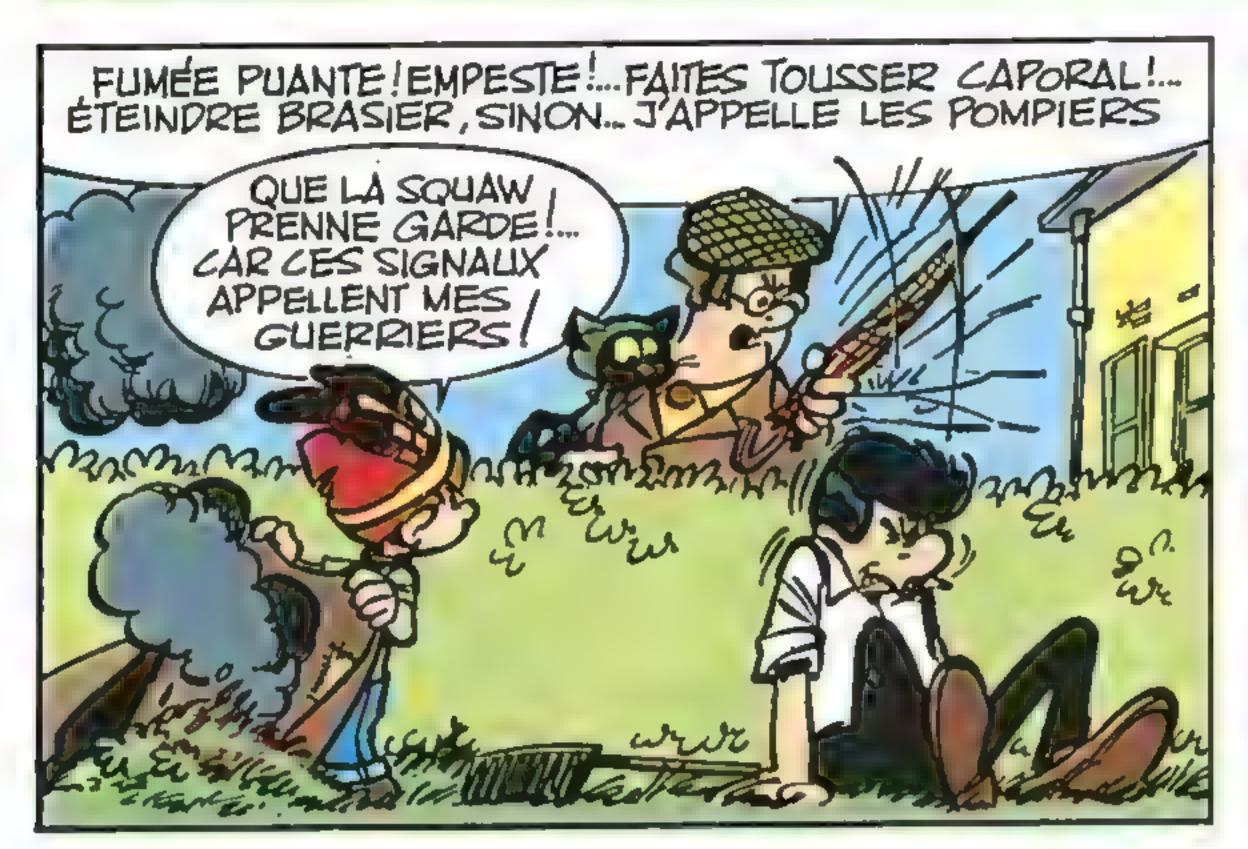


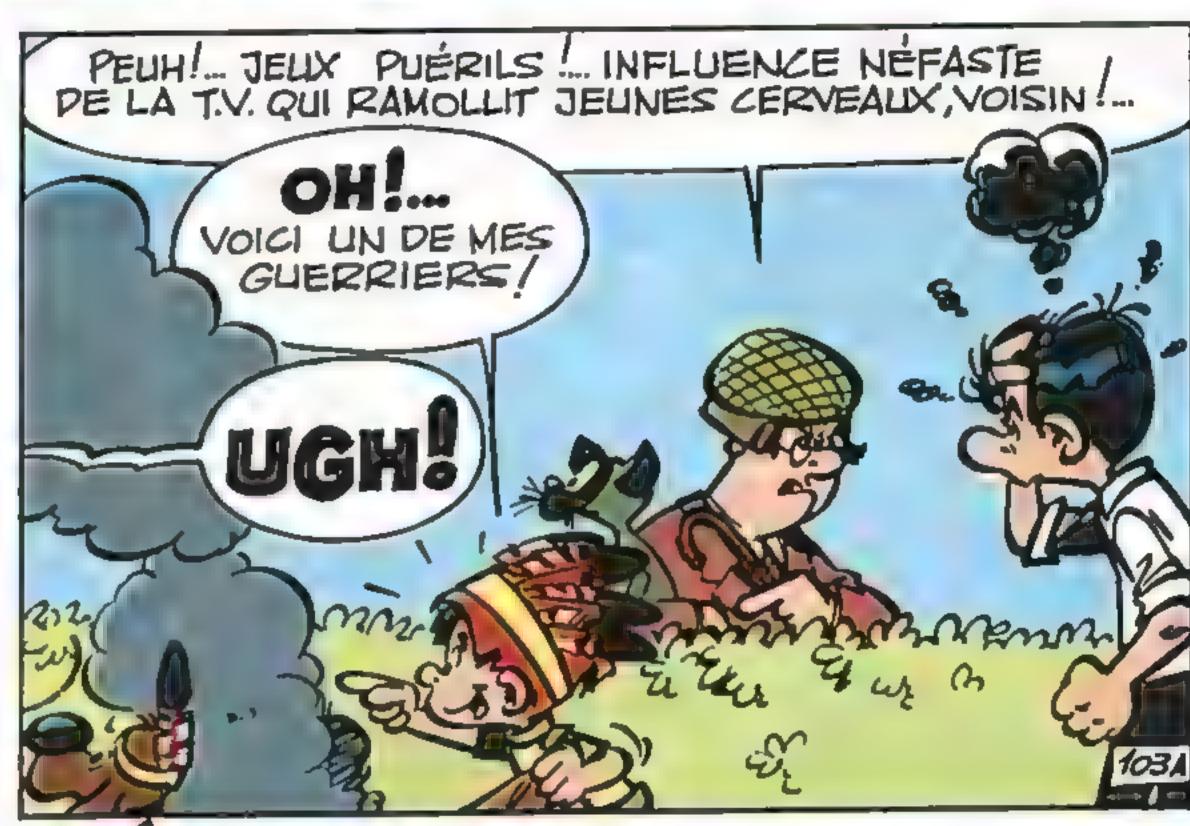








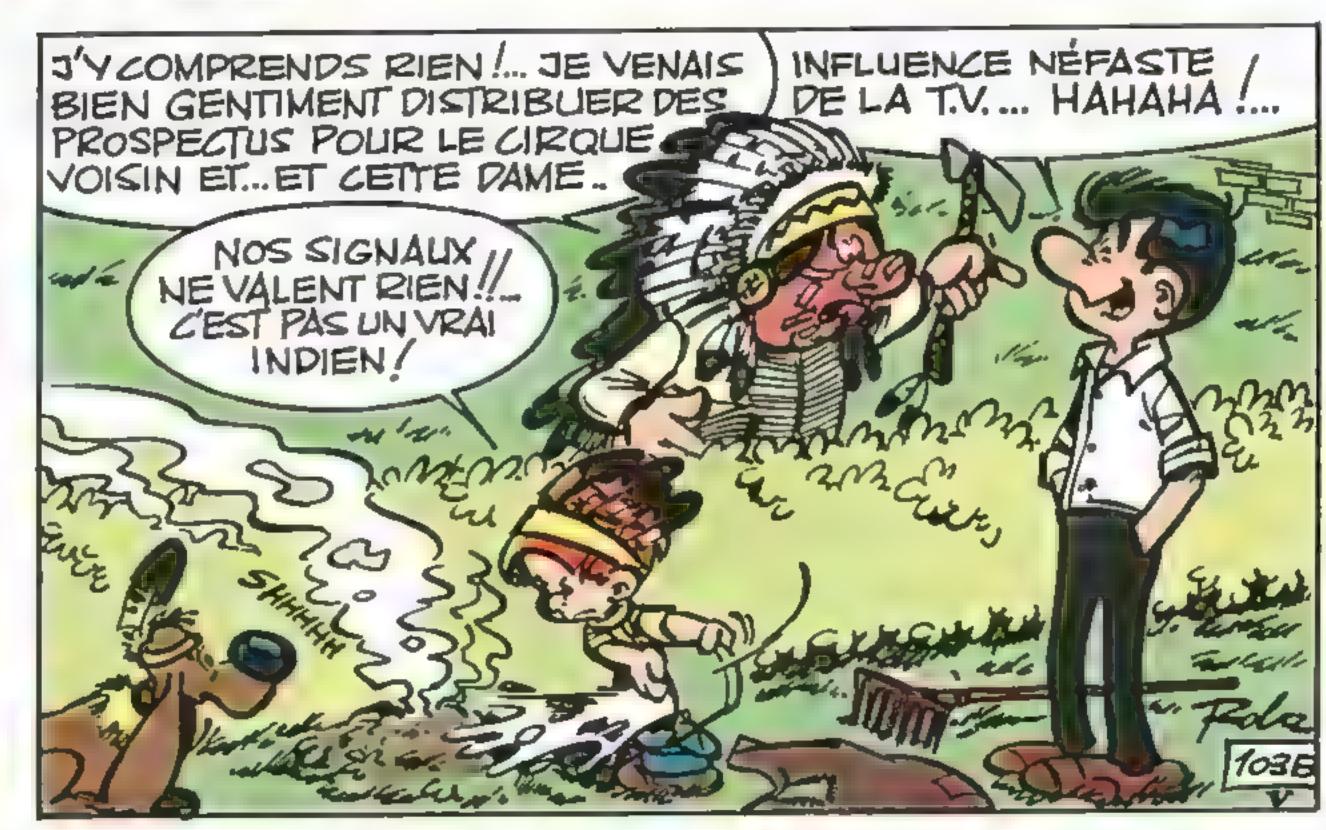






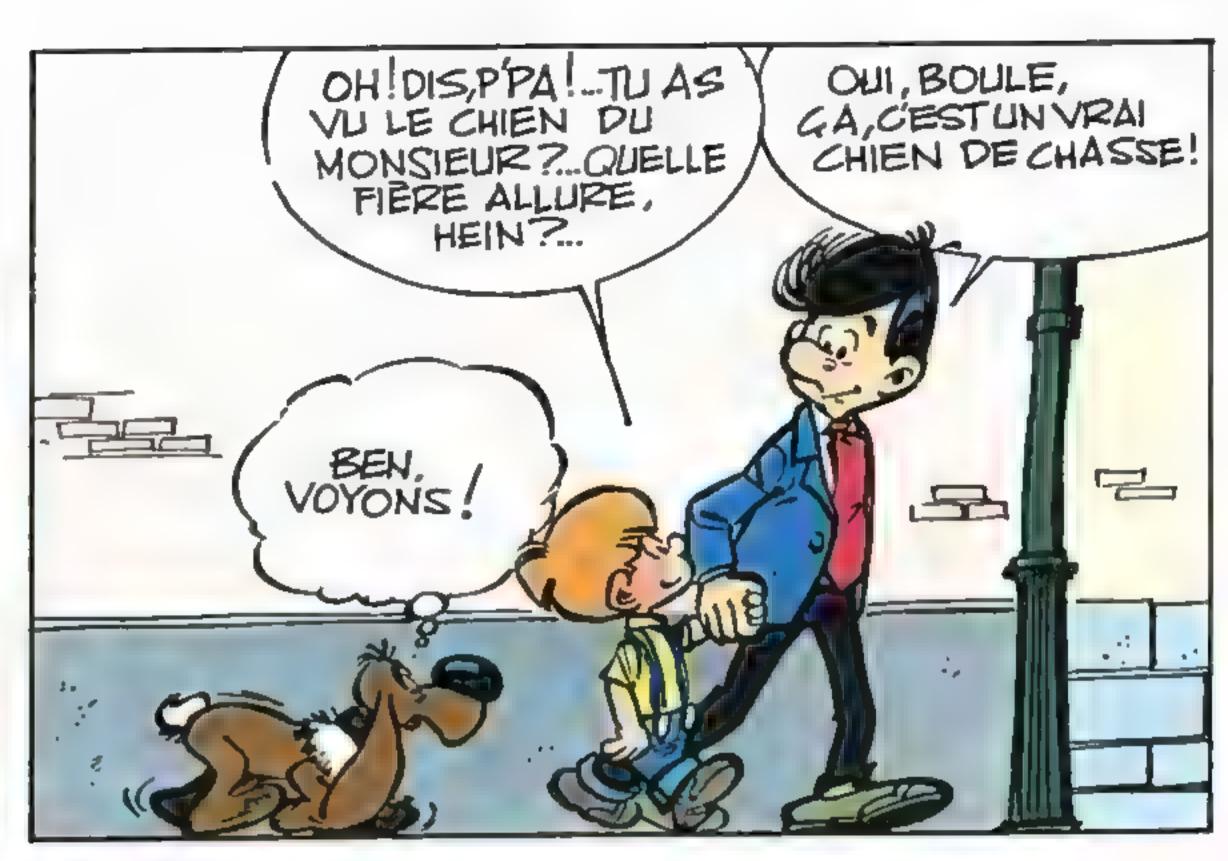


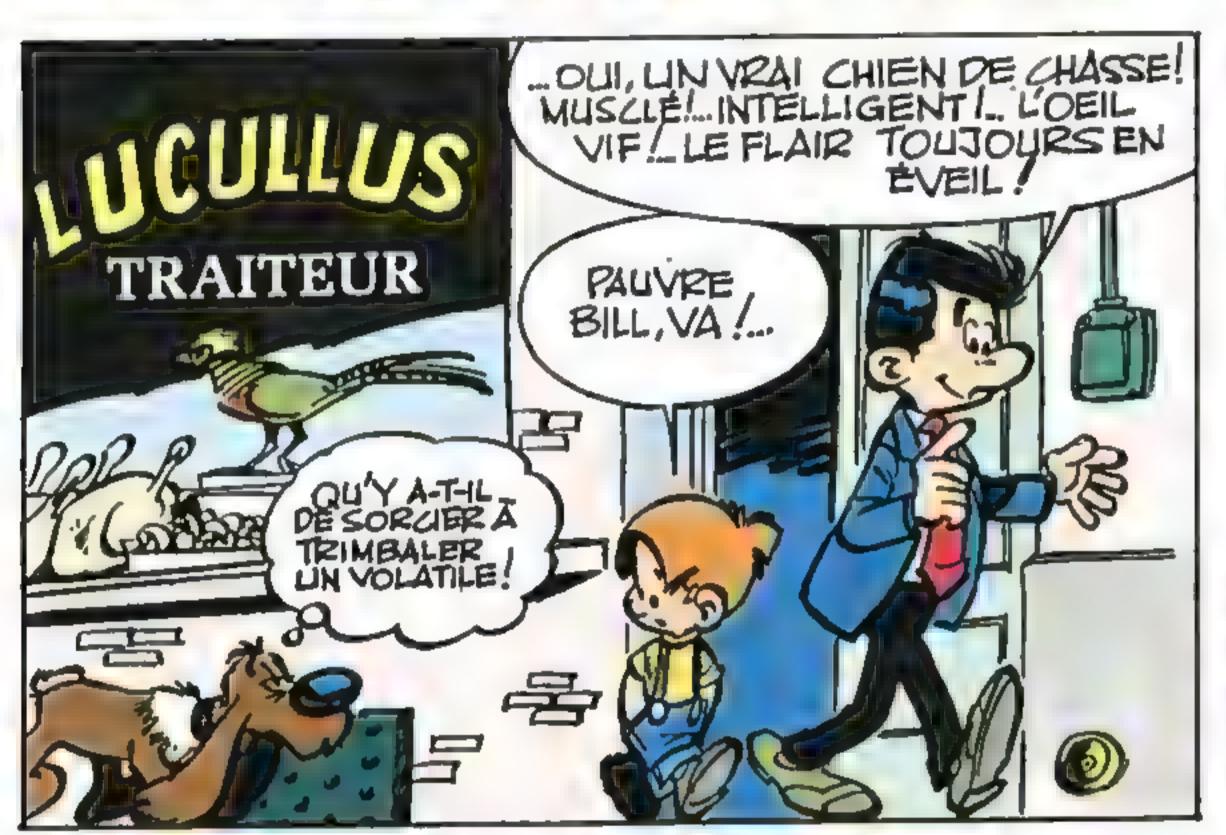


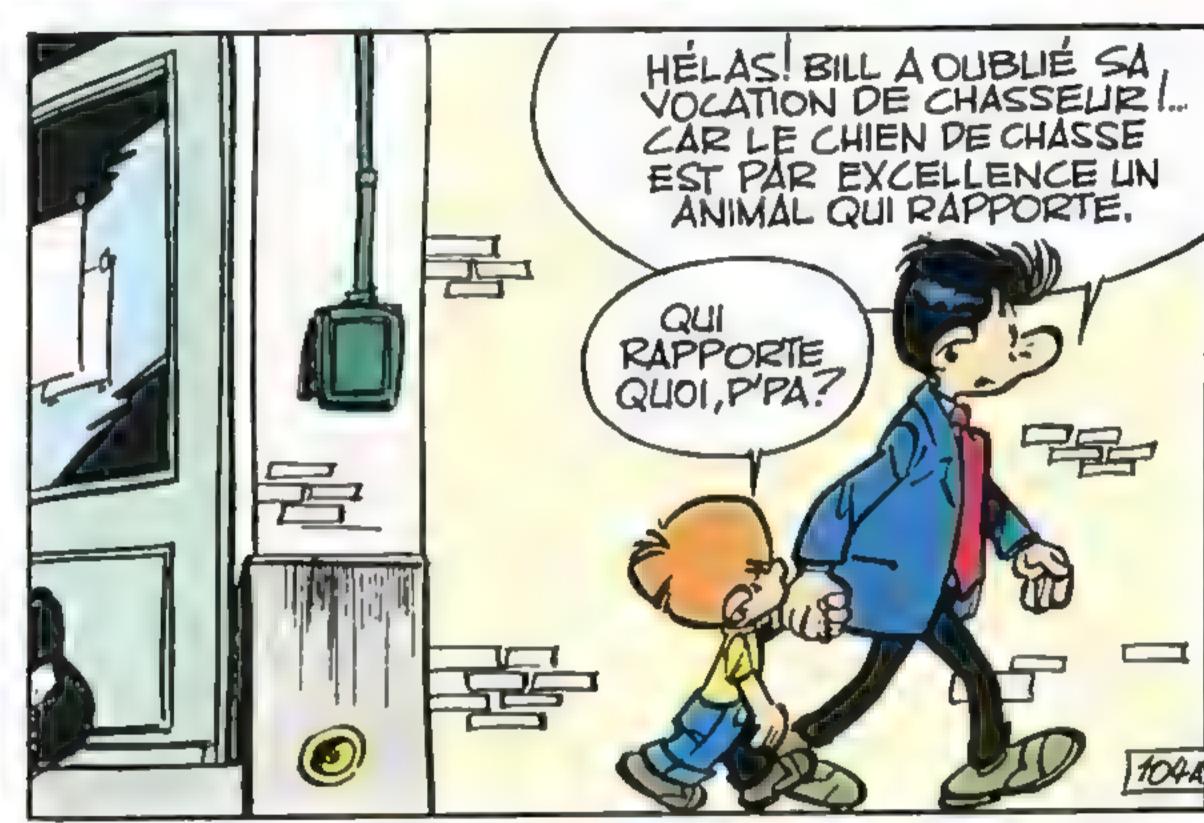
















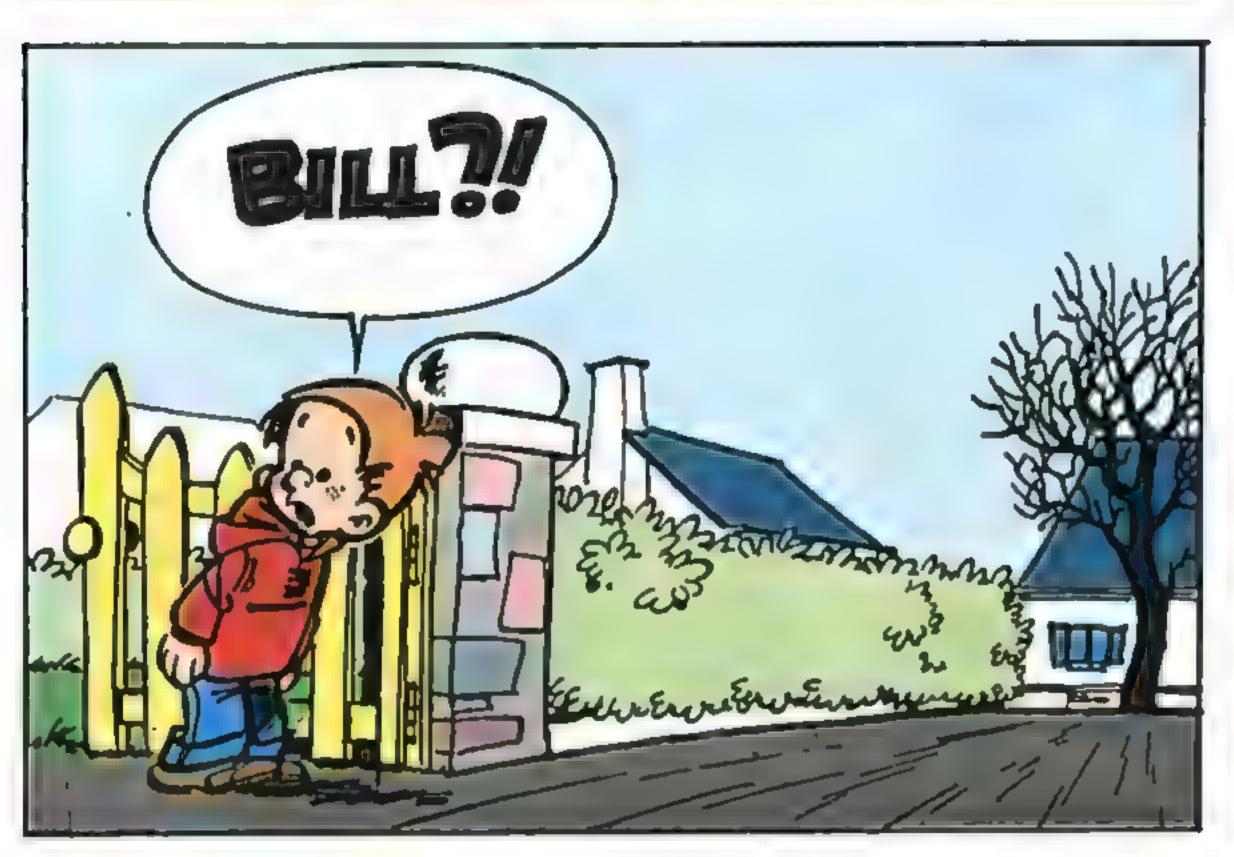














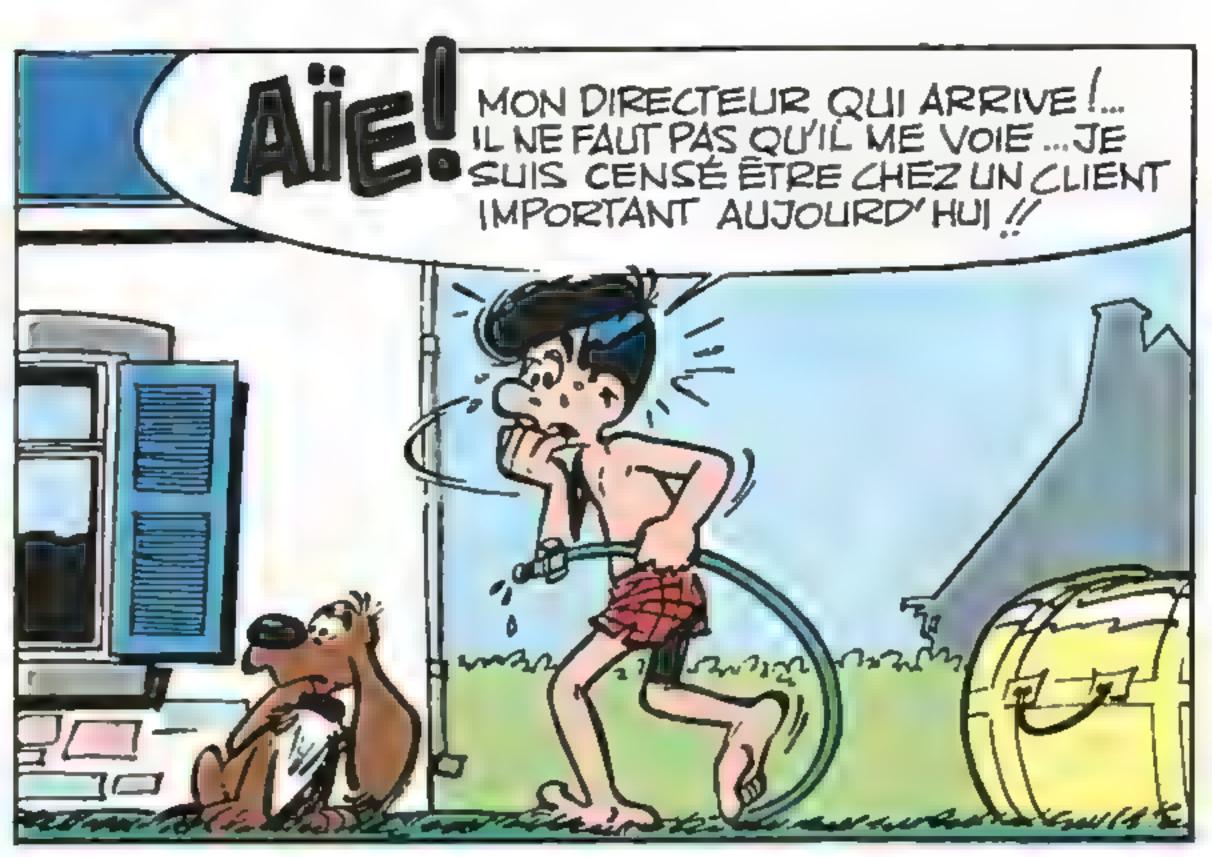










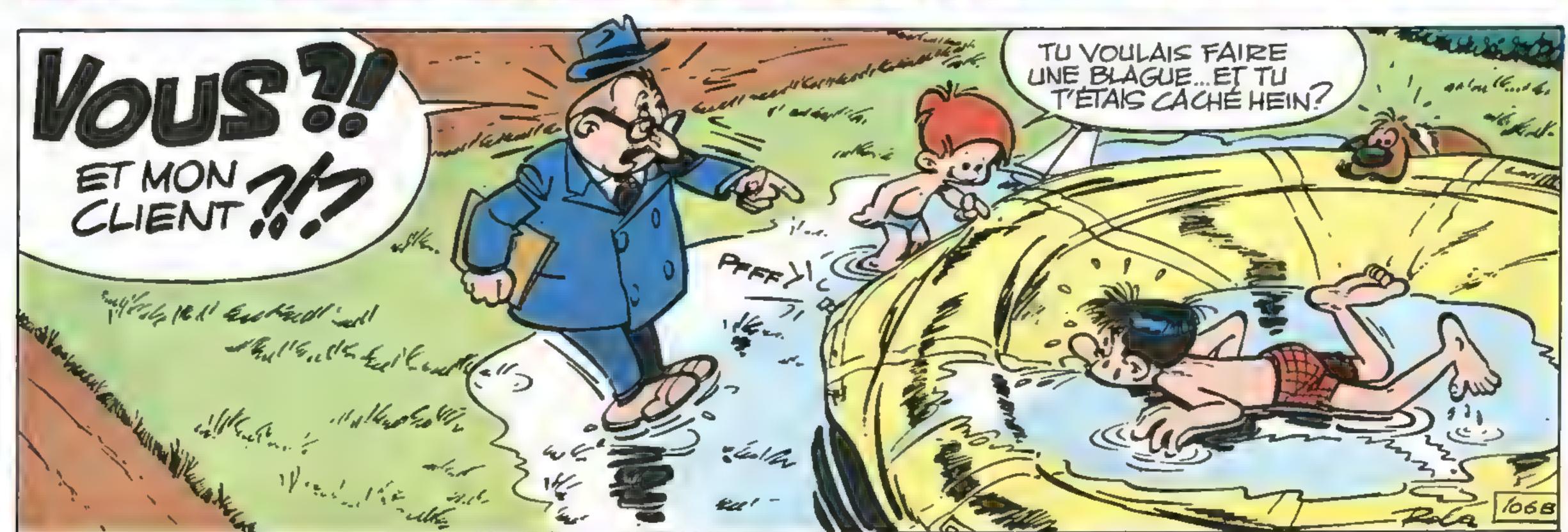


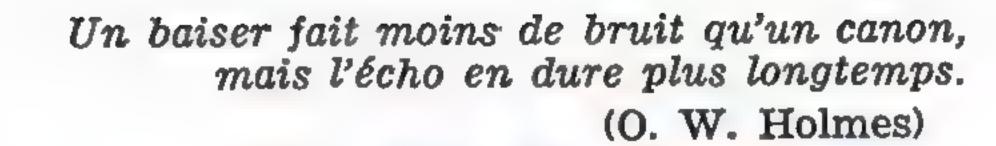




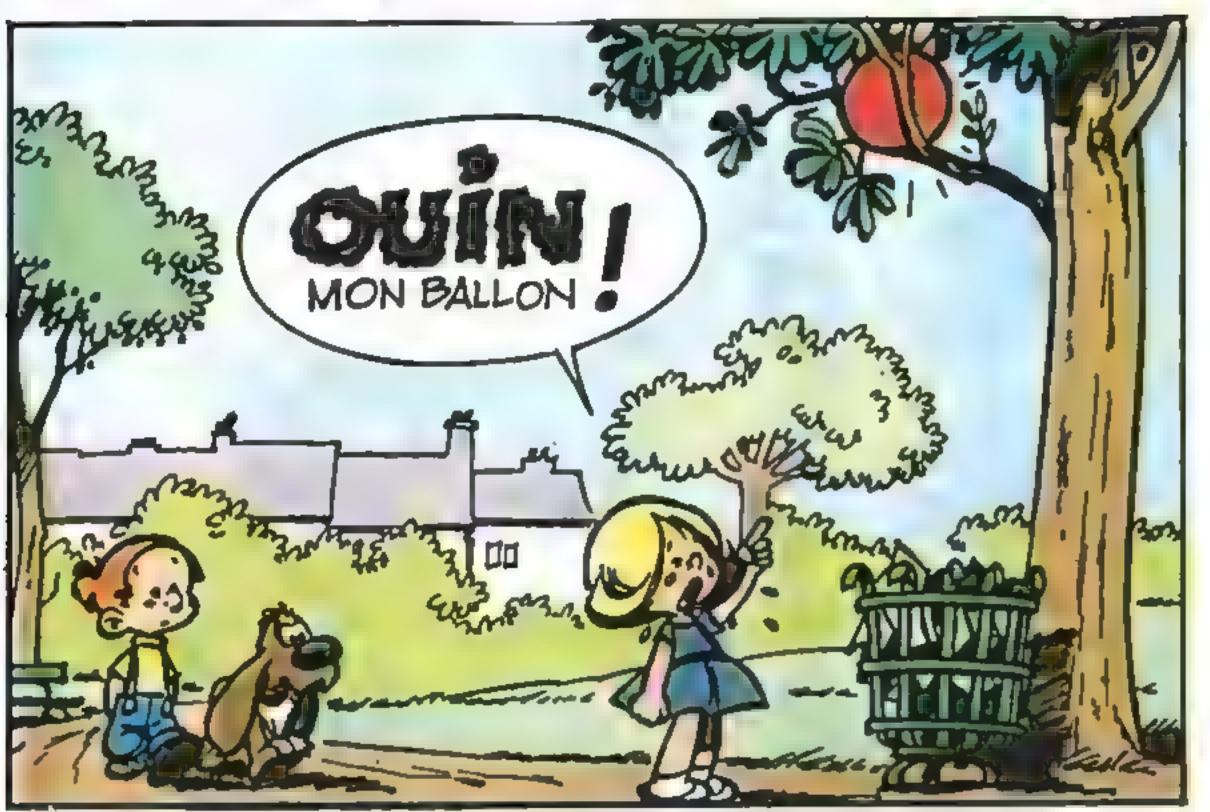


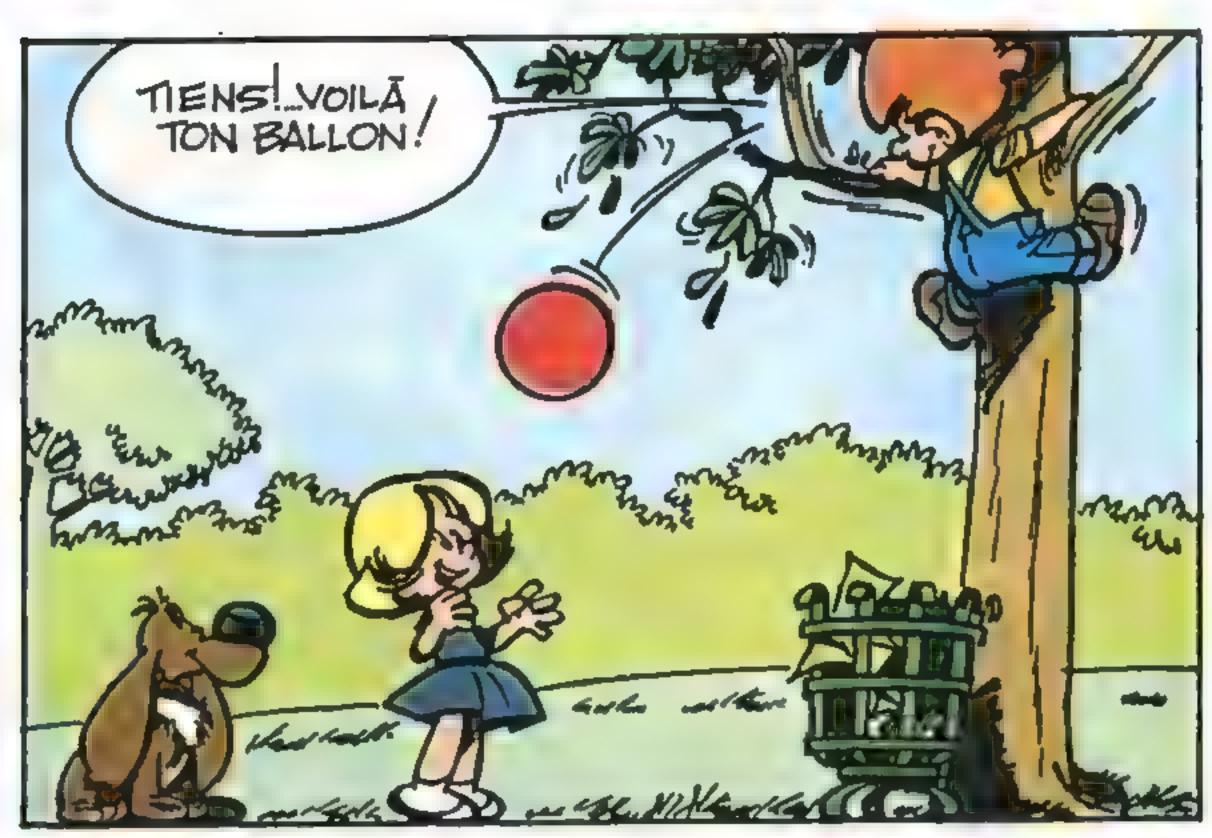


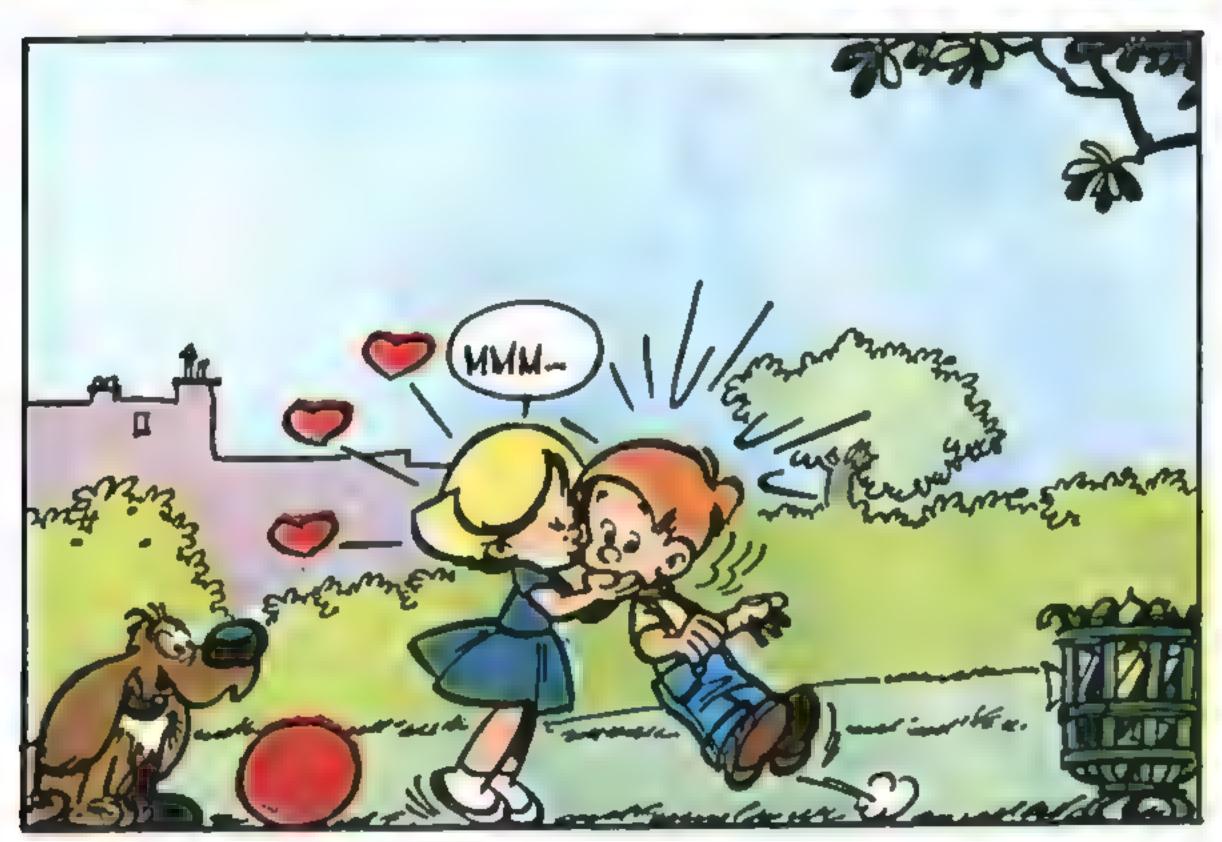








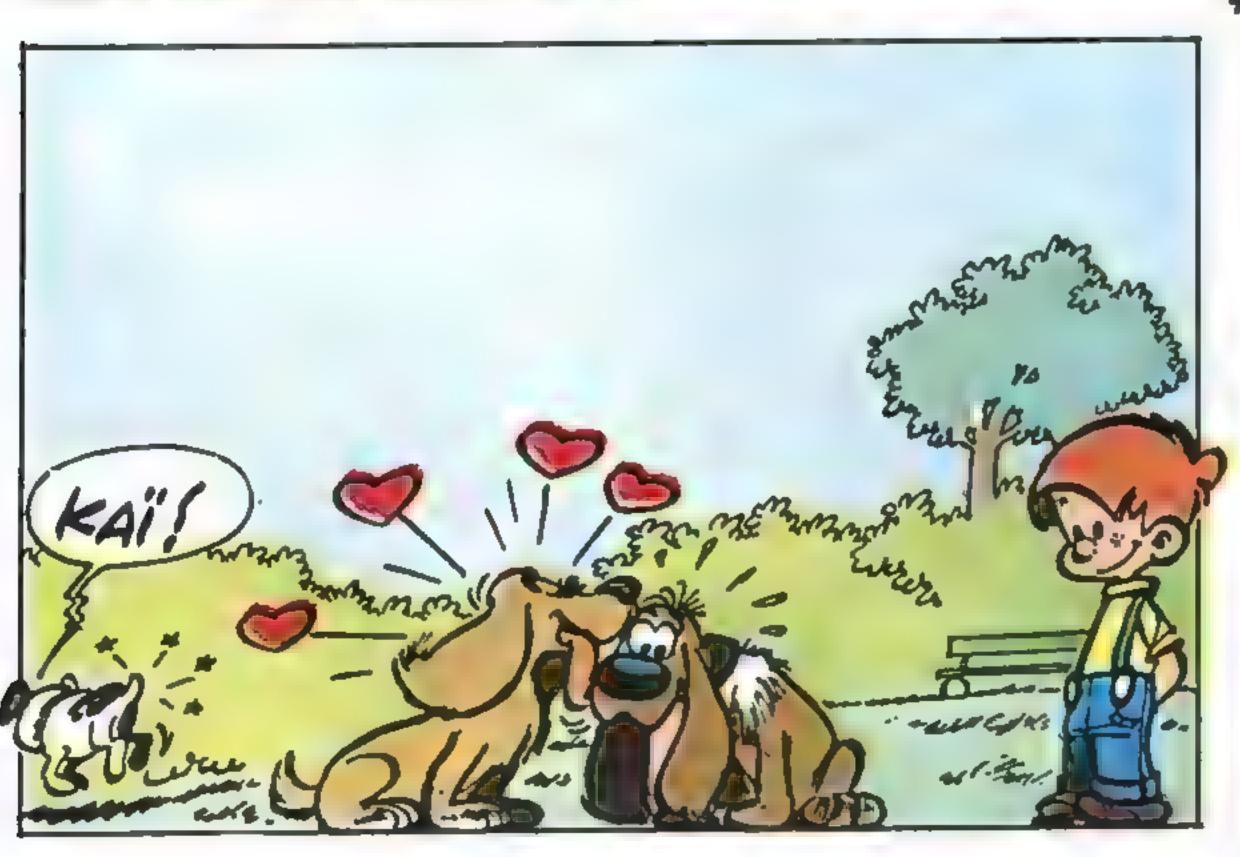




















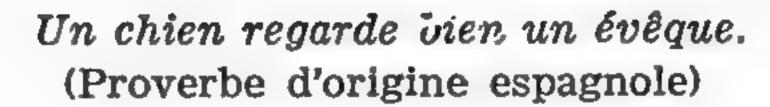














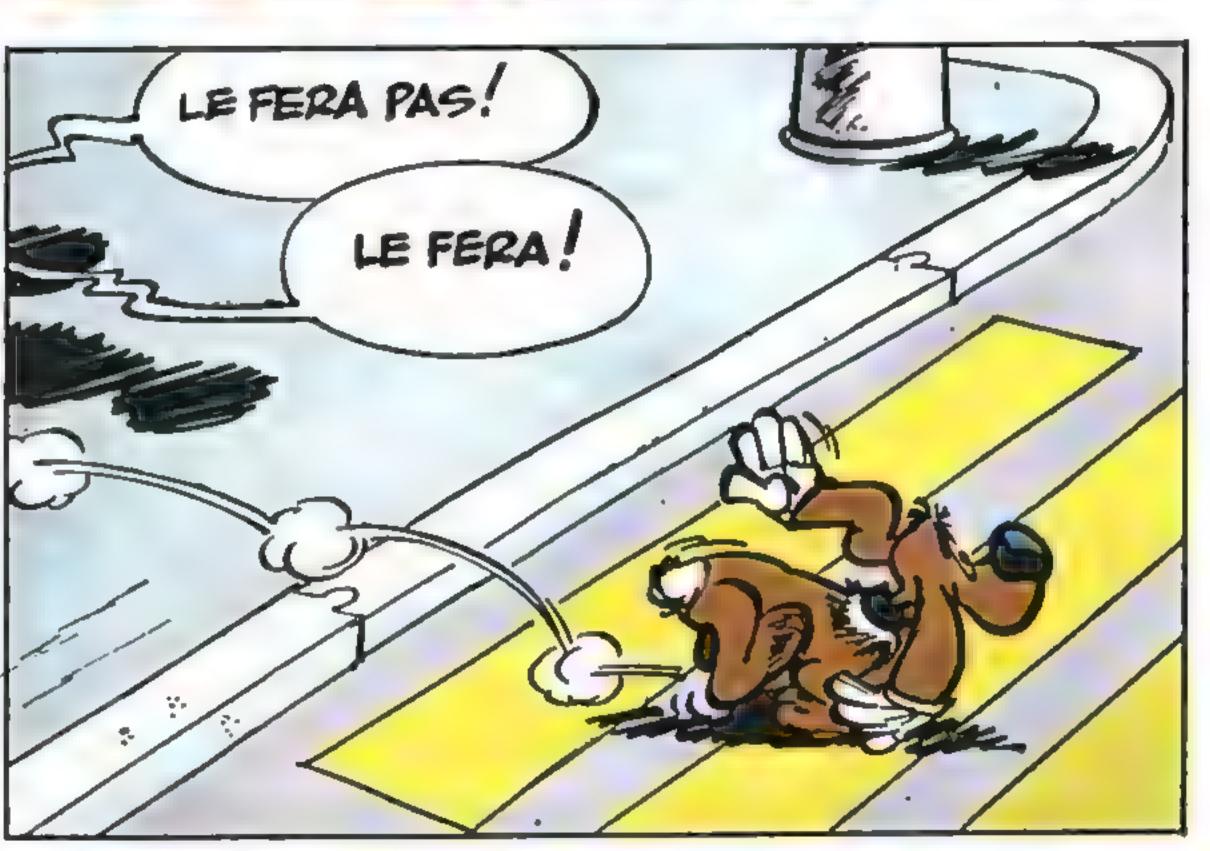














Qu'il est beau et bon de fouler à nouveau, main dans la main d'un fils aimé, les sentiers de roses de la jeunesse. (Schiller).



